

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Radio Hongkong Relaying Commentary On The St. Leger

The St. Leger, the last classic race of the British flat-racing season, takes place at Doncaster to-day. Tonight at 11.15, Radio Hongkong is relaying from the BBC a recorded commentary on the race, which is run over a distance of one mile six furlongs and thirty yards. The St. Leger is an older racing institution than the Derby or the Oaks, having been founded in 1776. Last year it was won by the Aga Khan's Tulyar.

"Peril at End House" is the name of a first class crime thriller which the Garrison Players are broadcasting from the studio on Wednesday at 9.30 p.m. Written, as it was, by Agatha Christie, it could hardly be anything else. There's a cast of sixteen, and only a listener equipped with the powers of deduction of Monsieur Poirot (the Sherlock Holmes from across the Channel) could be expected to put his finger on the murderer. The play is produced by Pat Butler.

The week ahead of us is *Battle of Britain Week*—the seven days of the year set aside by Britons for the special memory of the Few.

It is in this week, too, that the RAF Association—a world-wide organization—makes a special effort by means of a charity entertainment and so forth, to raise money for the RAF Benevolent Fund.

On Monday night at 9 o'clock, Wing-Commander G. W. Coo, who was himself a fighter pilot in the Battle, will be looking back for a moment to the summer and autumn days of 1940, and will go on to describe the work of the Benevolent Fund and its great task of meeting the many calls for relief which come its way.

The Farnborough Air Display—one of the most interesting international aviation events—was held at Farnborough, Hampshire, during the past week. At 9.15 on Monday, Radio Hongkong is relaying, direct from the BBC, a report on the display.

Half-way round the world on five pounds sterling is quite something, but Owen Kirtley has every intention of completing the circuit. He left England two and a half years ago with £5 in his pocket and he's got as far as Hongkong, earning his way, seeing places, meeting people, and enjoying himself into the bargain. He called in to see Radio Hongkong the other day and recorded an interview with Donald Brooks. "Round the World on Five Pounds" will be broadcast at 7.15 tonight.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 845 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in the 31 metre band).

Today

12.15 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.30 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

2.00 THE ADVENTURES OF P. G. W. (Continued).

2.30 STUDIO: FORCE'S CHOICE.

3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

4.00 STUDIO: JAZZ HALF HOUR.

4.30 VARIETY: HANDBOOK.

5.00 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS.

5.30 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

6.00 LONDON STUDIO: MELODIES.

6.30 ALPHABETIC NEWSPAPER AND HIS.

7.00 THE ADVENTURES OF P. G. W. (Continued).

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4.30 STUDIO

KINGSPECIAL MORNING
SHOW TO-MORROW
AT 11.30 A.M.**"CHARLIE CHAPLIN FESTIVAL"**Synchronised with Modern Music.
COME & HAVE TWO SOLID HOURS OF LAUGHTER!
AT REDUCED PRICES**KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE****SHOWING TO-DAY**AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.ON THE SWEEPING PANORAMIC OF THE BIG
TECHNICOLOR SCREEN YOU'LL SEE!**H. G. WELLS' THE WAR OF THE WORLDS**

Produced by GEORGE FEE - Directed by OTTO HOPSON - Screenplay by ROSE LITTON - Based on the novel by H. G. Wells - A Paramount Picture

ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

PRINCESSTO-MORROW
MORNING SHOW
AT 11.15 A.M.

RKO Radio Presents

WALT DISNEY COLOR CARTOONS

AT REDUCED PRICES

CAPITOL LIBERTYTHE HOME OF M-G-M PICTURES
Capitol Town Booking Office
Wing Hong Firm, Hong Kong Hotel, Queen's Road, C.**TO-DAY**AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
on NEW PANORAMIC SCREEN

(5 Shows on Sunday)

M-G-M DOES IT AGAIN!

Now a NEW dramatic
spectacle is brought
to the screen. The
flaming love
story of a
Queen!

YOUNG BESS

TECHNICOLOR

JEAN STEWART
SIMMONS + GRANGER
DEBORAH CHARLES
KERR + LAUGHTON

WALSH - ROLFE - BYRON - KELLAWAY - CARROLL

Screen Play by JAN LUSTIG and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY - Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN - An M-G-M Picture
Advance Booking also for Services

MAJESTICAT 2.30, 5.15,
7.20 & 9.30
P.M.

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

PEGGY

Queen of the
Rose Bowl Parade

Starring
Diana LYNN - COBURN
Charlotte GREENWOOD
Barbara LAWRENCE
Charles Drake - Rock Hudson
Jerome Cowan

RIALTOLANDALE ST.
WANCHAI
TEL. 21550**TO-DAY**AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

M-G-M'S TALENT-TOPPING TRIUMPH IN TECHNICOLOR!

Bathing Beauty

Red SKEETON - ESTHER WILLIAMS
BILLY HAYES - BILL COBURN - STYLING SMITH
HARRY JAMES - XAVIER CUBAT

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN**DEPRESSED?****—Just Change
The Colour Of
Your Hair**

Says KATHRYN GRAYSON

Are you moody and depressed? Do friends bore you? Have you snapped at your pet? (either human or animal). "Then change the colour of your hair," advises Kathryn Grayson.

"You'll still be moody and depressed, bored by your friends and hasty with your hound or hubby," she explained. "But they'll be so dazzled with the new 'you' that they won't even notice!"

Kathryn, appearing currently as the cantankerous Kate in "Kiss Me, Kate," is adamant in her explosion of the old wives' tale that personality hangs by a hair—colour, that is.

"It affects one's personality not at all," she smiled. "But what it does to the other fellow is amazing." In the last year Kathryn has been blond, brunette and red-head.

"All of which made a good conversation piece," she said. Each colour, according to the star, served a definite purpose on the screen. As the heroine of "The Desert Song," brunette hair photographed more effectively against the backgrounds, she explained. "Grace Moore, of 'This Is Love,' had to be blond for obvious reasons. And since blondes are associated with redheads, Kate could be nothing else."

HELPLESS BLONDE Miss Grayson said she was amused at the reaction caused by her colour changes on those around her. "As a blonde I discovered a new attitude toward me. Never the 'helpless' type, I suddenly found everyone trying to be helpful. The slightest change in plan was discussed and described step by step. I walked into my dressing room one morning to discover that my own flamboyant taste in colour had been substituted by pale pastel."

"Actually I hadn't acquired a blond personality... but I automatically got a 'blond' reaction. 'In contrast,' she laughed, 'my red hair inspired the kid glove treatment. For the first time in my life I sensed that people were just a little afraid of upsetting me. It was a 'don't cross her or she may flip her wig' approach!"

Kathryn feels sincerely that this discovery can be the greatest boon to feminine ego since indelible lipstick.

"Make up your mind how you want to be treated... then get out and dye for it," she advised.

TOO MUCH June Allyson, admits that being an actress all day and playing the part of a film director every evening has just about driven her crazy.

"I'm doing the day-shift and the night-shift," June revealed, "and the hours are killing me." During the day June is at Universal - International, co-starring with James Stewart in the Technicolor musical biography, "The Glenn Miller Story."

And every evening she is rehearsing for 2½-year-old son, Ricky, for the film debut he will be making in a scene of the picture in which he will portray Glenn Miller's son, Steven, in company with his real-life mother.

She said Ricky has just about exhausted her and her husband, Dick Powell, with his love-rehearsals. "Ricky's a bigger ham than Dick and I put together," said June. "As soon as he finishes dinner every night, he races into the den and begins yelling for rehearsal. I've played that scene seven dozen times at home and I'll probably play it 80 more times before it's filmed."

KNOWS HIS LINES Ricky's exhaustive rehearsals concern his approach to a crib in which the Miller infant daughter just taking a good look at the occupant and saying: "Baby."

"Needless to add," smiled June, "Ricky has his lines down to perfection." Not only will his mother be there to help him before the camera, but Ricky's dad, also, will be on hand. —United Press.

**The Divorced In Hollywood
Have Cause For Worry**

By JENNIFER JOHNS

Hollywood. There is a saying in California that the roads to Reno are paved with altar vows. Judging by the divorce rate among the stars the new adage would seem to have something.

Now, however, there are signs that it may not always be this way. Until recently a star could (and many did) walk up the aisle and enjoy the try-out of a marriage in the comforting knowledge that a divorce later wouldn't pose too much of a problem. Now, if recent Court divorce judgments are any indication, the old romantic day-dream is being rudely shattered.

A short time ago Michael O'Shea was sued by a former wife for support of their two children. The revolutionary part comes in the fact that, accepting Mike's account that he had no cash on hand, the Court ordered his new spouse, Virginia Mayo, to pay the \$8,000 judgment from her own savings!

This little manoeuvre has given rise to much speculation as to the least. What would happen, for instance, if Rita Hayworth should make good all the predictions and marry Dick Haymes after he has become a free agent. The possibilities are intriguing.

Nora Edington (still legally married to Dick) has two children by a first husband, a gentleman by the name of Errol Flynn. Haymes has already been divorced from actress Joanne Dru who presented him with three children.

Joanne has since married John Ireland and John has brought his own two children to live with him.

What would happen if all parties should go bankrupt and take legal steps to get financial help? Who would help who, and why and how—and would Princess Rita have to support Errol Flynn's two children as well as be responsible for the welfare of the children of both Joanne Dru and John Ireland?

You may not follow the above but it's plain that such complications could soon clear those roads to Reno.

STRANGE

When a fan shouted at Jean Simmons, "Hi, Mrs. Simmons!" her husband, Stewart Granger, cracked: "I guess that makes me Mr. Simmons!" It does too, but strange how you rarely think of it that way in Hollywood.

Saw Lauren Bacall in a nightclub with Humphrey Bogart. She rarely visits the place. Attracted attention when she does by being one of the few stars left with really long hair. It is rumored that the Duchess of Windsor has agreed to accept \$250,000 for advance magazine serial rights of her autobiography.

When Vivian Leigh entered her box at the first night of Sir Laurence Olivier's "Anastasia" there hadn't been such applause for a long time. Which shows that it pays to be ill sometimes.

RETURNING

They used to be a big attraction on the screen but recently they disappeared. I'm talking about those long, tense Court room scenes (A Place in the Sun) in which the defence and prosecuting attorneys strut up and down in front of the prisoner trying to gain sympathy from the jury by a mixture of physical jerks and Gollysberg.

It is four years since "A Place in the Sun" gave us the last scene when Montygomery Clift was on trial for the murder of Shelley Winters. Now we're in for another dose of Court room drama. In "The Caine Mutiny" the court martial of Van Johnson and Robert Francis stands out as the key-point of the story.

The trial setting is an exact replica of the hearing room in the Naval Administration Building at Treasure Island, San

Francisco, and, just to make certain, that every move is authentic according to Navy standards. Commanding James C. Shaw is out from the Pentagon in the role of technical adviser.

Which makes one wonder just how cold the cold war can become.

WEDDING BELLS? It may be wedding bells for Joan Crawford and Milt Rackmiller who is head of Universal Studios and Decca records and who, when asked about things, admitted that Joan was the "most exciting girl I've ever met." He added, of course, that this didn't necessarily mean marriage.

Mickey Rooney has decided not to do "Ankles Aweigh" on Broadway. Broadway is expected to survive.

OFF TO AFRICA. After a quick trip to Mexico City, Maureen O'Hara will go off to Africa for "Port of Tangier." The film will be in Technicolor and Technicolor.

Nothing to do with films but there is strong betting that Sir Winston Churchill will retire in October with a dukedom. Over here it is suggested that you call him the "Duke of Britain."

Victor Mature has another "fat role" in "The Egyptian" with Marlon Brando who isn't going to make any more films, of course.

I hear that Hedy Lamarr has finally decided what she's going to do. She is going to do a movie—Loves of Three Women—and play in three parts as Helen of Troy, Josephine Bonaparte and Saint Genevieve of Brabant.

The "Mahatma Gandhi" film, just unveiled here, took 33 years to make and employed 181 photographers. It is a collection of newsreel clippings from Gandhi's life.

Gabriel Pascal still hopes to film the "Life of Gandhi." The Technicolor cinematograph production "The Robe" (over a \$1 million worth of film) will have its first performance at the New York Roxy on September 10. The film is selling itself on the lines of "The dawn of a new era in movie-making." At that price there should be some sunbathers.

Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, passing each other off the lobby of your Dorchester, cut each other dead. The explanation was that in all the 18 years they had both been making films at Metro they had never met. Which is hard to believe but sounds better than it is.

JUBILEE Mickey Mouse is celebrating his 25th anniversary and his masterful genius are busy commemorating the event with abundant advertising throughout the country.

A biscuit company is putting out Mickey Mouse biscuits and there are scores of new Mickey Mouse books plus Mickey Mouse record albums and, of course, Mickey Mouse mice.

Mickey can look back on his screen career with mingled satisfaction and sorrow. Surely no screen character has ever risen to such heights of popularity and then dropped to the bottom so quickly.

The mark of his fame is that, in spite of the antics of Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto, Clara Cluck and Thumper, Mickey Mouse is still synonymous with the world of cartoons.

MAR ON MARILYN I had an interview with Marlene Dietrich the other day. Just like that. Lounging on a vivid purple sofa with two enormous diamond solitaires sparkling cheerfully on her dimpled hands, the "Come-up-and-see-me-sometime" star asked me what I had on my mind. I was quite blunt about it. I said: "By my reckoning, you hadn't made any pictures for 10 long years and that now there was a rumour that she was going to break into the TV world."

Mae replied that my reckoning was right and that I was right about the TV, too. "The truth is I haven't found a film story I liked. I also have trouble with the censor boys in the back rooms. I'm always having trouble with those censor boys."

"As for TV—sure, there's a series coming up. Bill LeBaron, who used to be my boss at Paramount when I was making pictures there, is going to produce the new idea."

I asked for more details. Mae had them ready. "It's a series called 'Great Romances of History.' A guy will narrate a straight version of some terrific romance like Cleopatra and Mark Antony. Then I'll come on and tell the folks that history is a lot of fake and I'll show 'em what really happened!"

I said that I thought it was all a good idea and asked her what she thought about Marilyn Monroe. I'm still trying to figure out what she said. There was an awful lot of it and it wasn't all complimentary!

Remember Houdini?

Hollywood. He could have been a master criminal. Or, he could have been an international spy king.

But, instead, Harry Houdini became one of the entertainment celebrities of the world, thrilling millions with his death-defying stunts and escapes from seemingly impossible places and situations.

And now the magician's amazing real life story, 27 years after his untimely death, is being filmed by Paramount in the Technicolor production, "Houdini."

Handsome Tony Curtis plays the role of Houdini, and his real life wife, pretty Janet Leigh, portrays Eleanora Houdini, the woman he loved at first sight and was married to for 23 years.

Curtis, who spent weeks studying every facet of Houdini's rich life, reading books about him and finally, by viewing him in several motion pictures, Houdini decided ago, approximately, what Houdini, with his uncanny ability to open all locks, might have done if he had been criminal minded.

"He could have opened the vault of any bank or any safe anywhere without cracking a lock," Tony pointed out. "Throughly, he did. It was demonstrated that he was safe, or lock could stump him."

EGGS CAN'T COPY Fortunately, Curtis said, there's a big difference between the technique Houdini used and the tricks of today who work for hours on modern safes and vaults, and often have to blow them up.

"He could have cornered the jewel market," Tony declared. "Or, if he had been so minded, it would have been simple for him to obtain business secrets and industrial formulas worth millions."

"And what he might have accomplished as a master spy is inconceivable."

He would have made pickers of Raftes, Jimmy Valerius, Arsene Lupin and other fictional master criminals, Curtis said.

But, of course, Curtis said, Houdini was an honest man. And although there must have been temptations to use his extraordinary abilities in other ways when, as a youth, he and his wife were doing 20 shows a day for \$12 a week, his honesty paid off.

He eventually amassed several million dollars, had a fine life, and travelled all over the world. —United Press.

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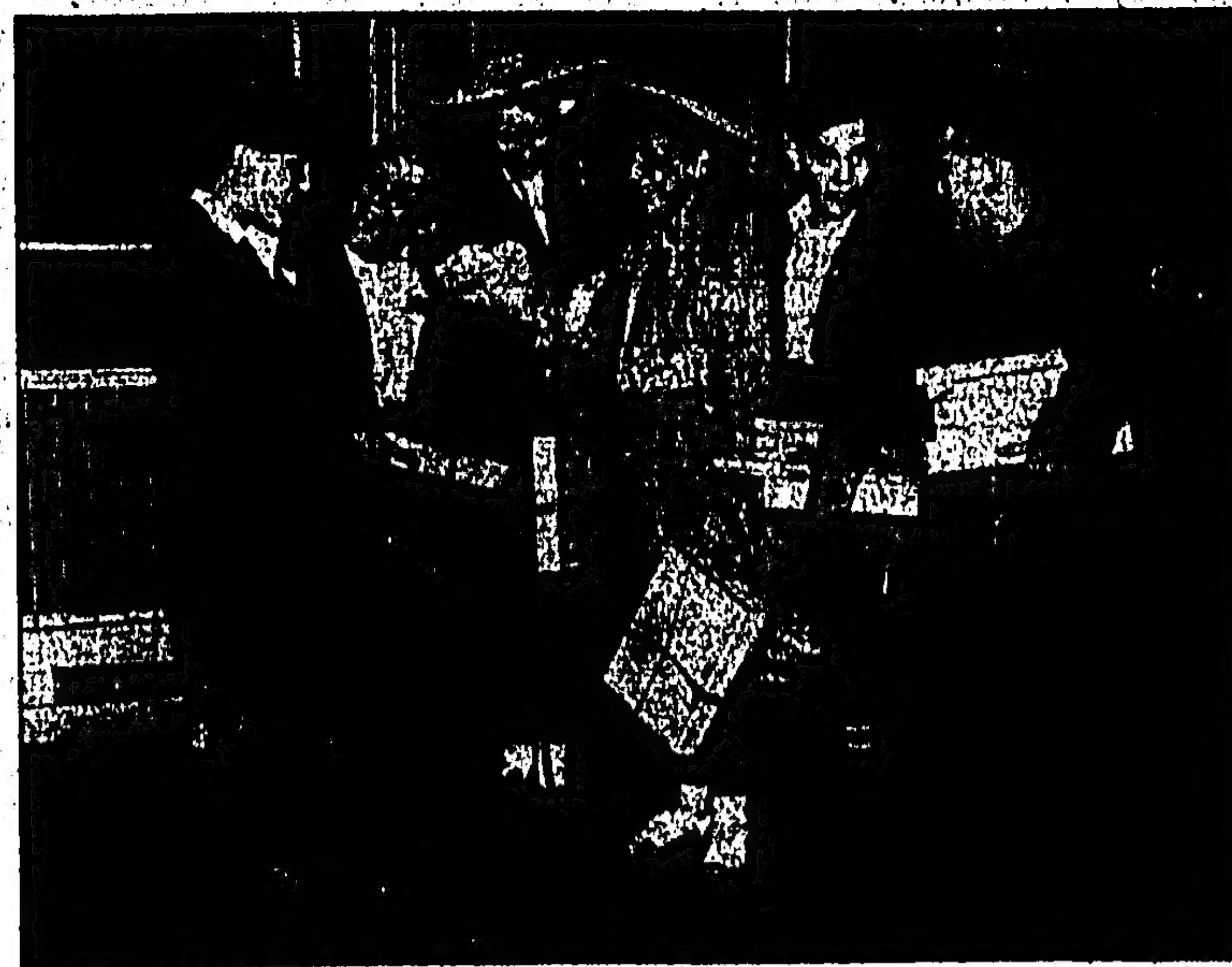
• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



AN unusual view of Beachy Head Lighthouse, off the Sussex coast, taken from the Evening Standard helicopter as it hovered over the lantern of the structure. Helicopters have made it possible to take pictures from unfamiliar, striking overhead angles. (Express)



COMTE de Crouy-Chanel, Minister at the French Embassy in London, was host to a number of English ballet lovers and members of Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris company at a supper party after the company's first night at the Stoll Theatre. Chatting together at the party are (left to right) Roland Petit, the French ballerina Violetta Verdy, actor and playwright Peter Ustinov, and the host. (Express)



A party of London children, all war orphans, seen at Waterloo Airway Terminal on their return from Yugoslavia where they spent a holiday as guests of Marshal Tito. They are wearing the peasant hats of Yugoslavia, and carry gifts from Marshal Tito. (Express)



AIR Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty talks with Sheikh Hamid Bin Abdullah Al-Kalifah, son of the ruler of Bahrain, at a party given in London by Sir Charles Belgrave, Adviser to the Bahrain Government. It was a farewell party for the Sheikh and his party. (Express)



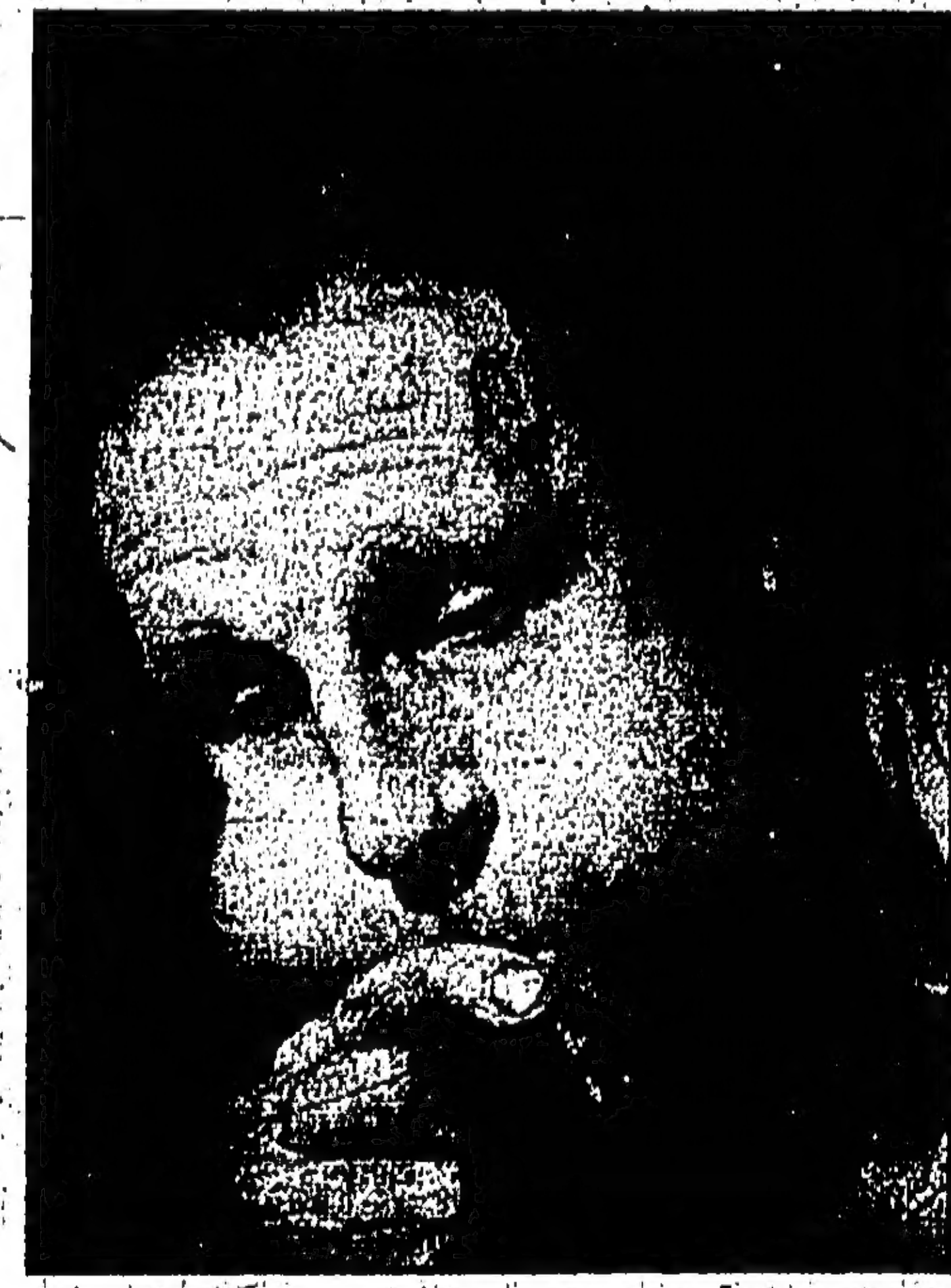
MRS Clara Hall, 29-year-old Russian wife of a British Government information officer in Ottawa, and her son Nicholas photographed in London after their arrival from Moscow. She had been waiting for seven years to get an exit visa to join her husband. (Express)



MISS Otilia Frayao, who in 1951 hit world headlines when she stowed away from the Azores in Mr Edward Allcard's yawl, Temptress, dreams of sea adventure as she looks across the Thames. She now works in a Surrey hospital. (Express)



WITH flannels rolled to the knees and a stick in his hand, Lord Noel-Buxton walked across the River Humber recently. The lifejacket he wore was unnecessary as the water never came above his hips. He made the crossing to prove his theory that the Romans forded the Humber when moving from York to Lincoln. (Express)



MAN with all the power of his lungs prominently shown in his cheeks is Mr Harry Barton. His face should give you a good idea of his occupation — he is a glass blower at Stourbridge, Worcestershire. What goes in one end of the rod comes out the other end — as glass tubes measuring 100 feet in length. (Reuterphoto)



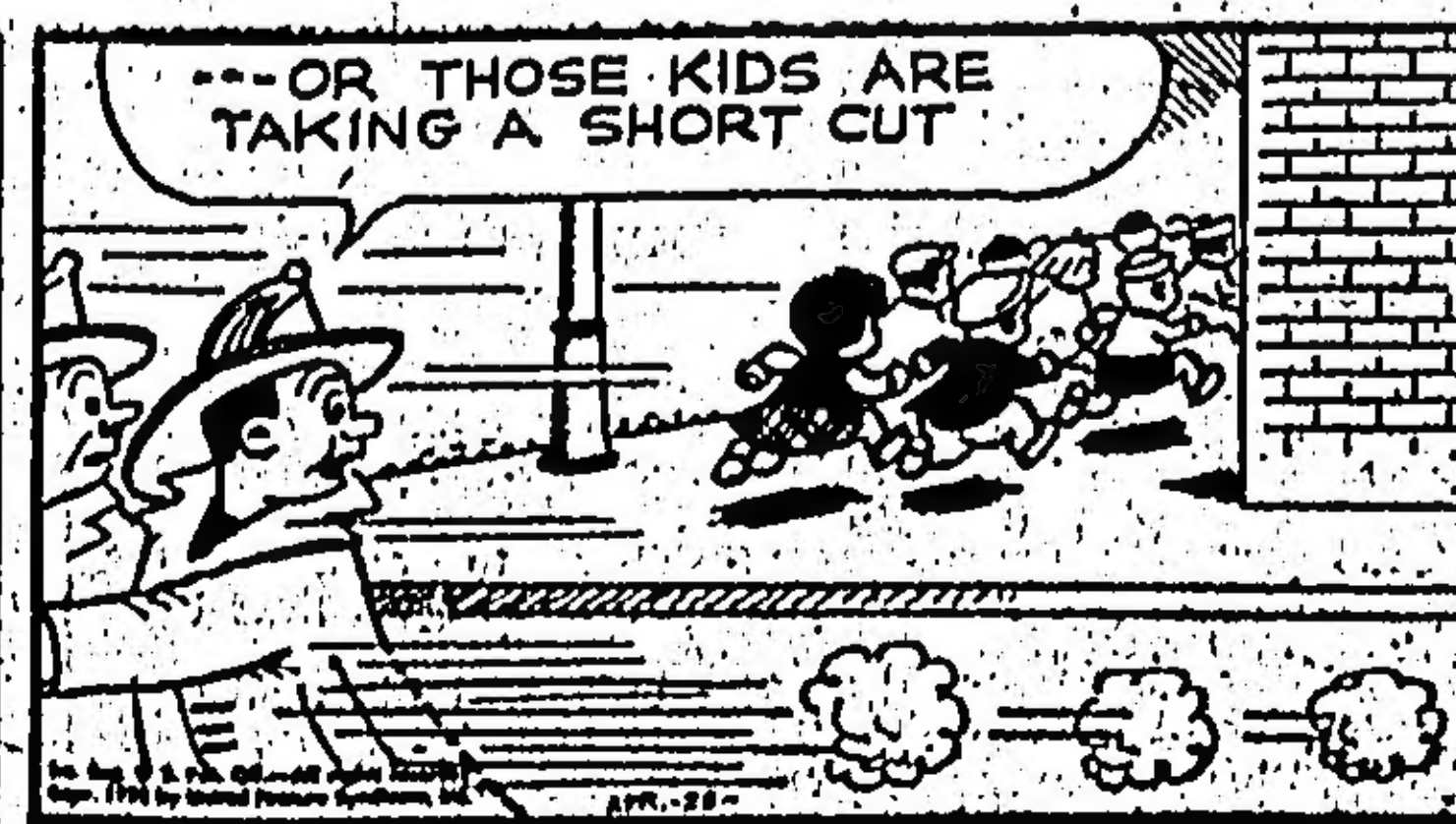
AS the hop-picking season starts, an "invasion" of Kent and Sussex villages has taken place. Thousands of pickers, mostly from London, have arrived for the hop harvest, which provides them with a healthy holiday — with pay. Here is 13-year-old Doreen Fulbrook, from Deptford, London, at work in a Bodiam hopfield — and enjoying it! (Express)

IN London for the World Conference on Medical Education is Dr Juliana Bogicevic, the Sir Bernard Spillbury of Yugoslavia, one of the few women experts on forensic medicine. Dr Bogicevic — 50, tall and dark — is director of Belgrade's Institute of Legal Medicine, with a staff of specialists and doctors to assist her. She is unmarried. She is often called in to advise the Yugoslav Supreme Court. (Express)

NANCY

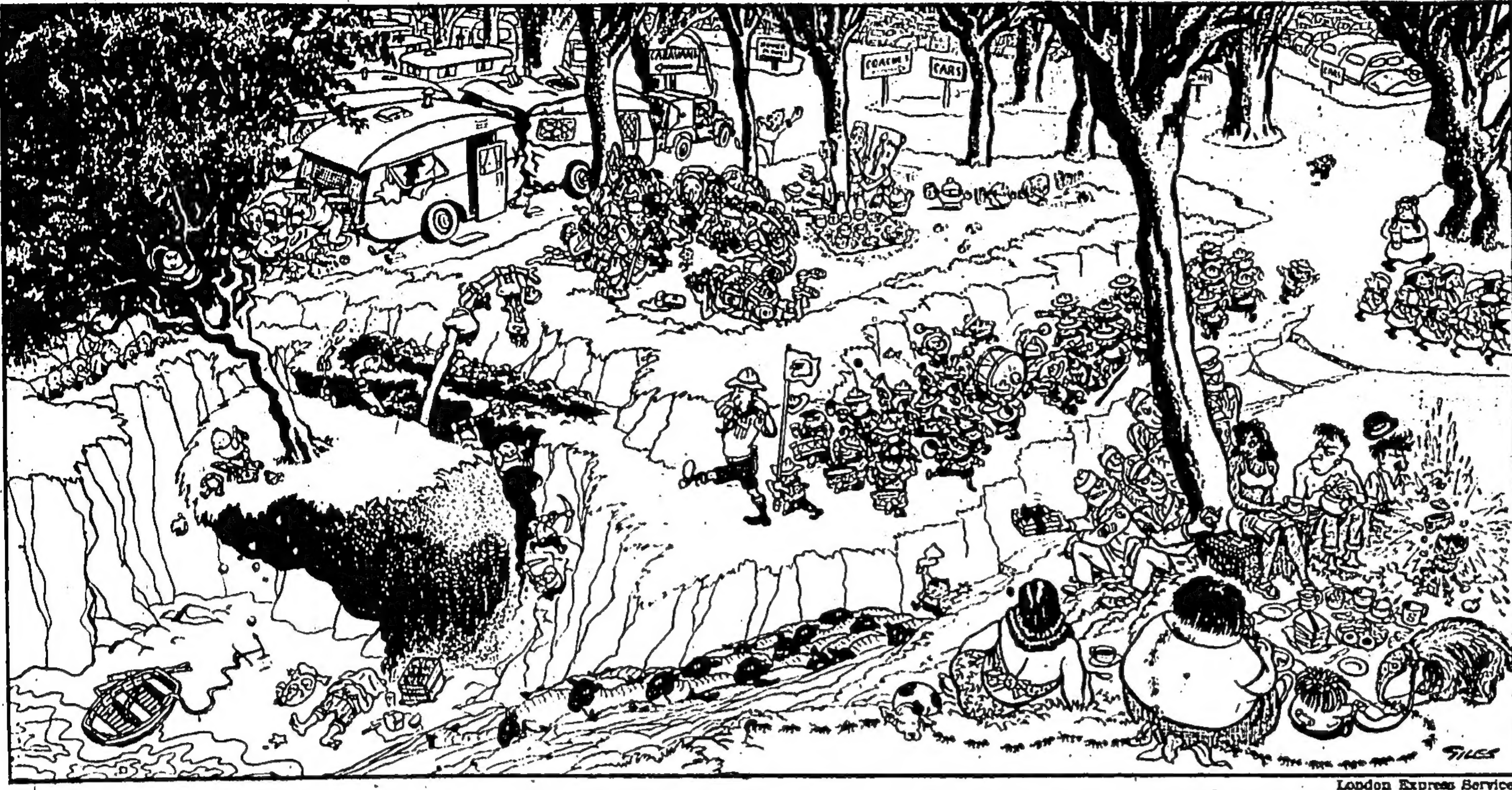
Follow The Leader

By Ernie Bushmiller



TO WIND UP THE SUPER-SIZE GILES

HAVING HAD enough of super-sized cartoons for the time being Giles decided to do a "Robinson Crusoe" this week and retire to a quiet, sandy cove far away from the hordes who have been inhabiting his cartoons during the past month. Unfortunately, . . .



London Express Service



*Every office knows of it—
Career-Envy... the worst
brand of all—and men
are worse than women...*

EMINENT WRITERS ANALYSE THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

JEALOUSY

THOSE dramatic and extreme forms of jealousy that may end, at the worst, in murder, and at the best, in a lifelong, crippling obsession, I regard as far less important, in total, than the smaller and milder manifestations of jealousy that we all meet with in everyday life, and particularly in everyday working life.

There is hardly one of us whose life is not directly affected, from time to time, by the smaller jealousies that arise in every job, every organisation, and every profession. And there is certainly not one of us who is not constantly affected indirectly by the effect of jealousy on how we are governed, how we are led in war, and on the direction of the organisation for which we work.

If anyone doubts this, he has only to read the reminiscences of generals, politicians or any one else who has held a position of power, to realise how terrifyingly often decisions which will affect the lives of millions of people, are made for emotional rather than logical reasons. And prominent among those emotional reasons is jealousy.

PROBLEMS

NOT long ago I was talking to a friend who is a fairly junior director of a very large business. I asked him about his problems in the post-war world. "There's nothing wrong with the post-war world from the point of view of our business," he said wearily. "All that's wrong is that of the three men who really control this outfit, each one would rather see it go bankrupt than let either of the other two do something good and get the credit for it."

Now here the damage done by the mutual jealousies of these three men is largely "indirect." They may, and probably do, make one another unhappy. But what is far more important, they damage the several thousand other people who work in the business that they control. In order to frustrate one another, they must frustrate

everybody else in the organisation. At the other end of the business hierarchy, I remember an occasion when I had been asked to advise on a certain factory problem. (I was not a member of the staff, and was therefore in a more or less independent position.)

One day a man working at the bench quietly suggested to me a solution of the problem. It was one of those ideas which are very simple when you have thought of them. But the fact remains that neither the management nor I had thought of this one. Not wishing for once to take credit for an idea that was not mine, I suggested

Supposing a woman sees another woman in a mink coat and passionately wants one like it. We usually say that she is "jealous." But by my definition that need not be jealousy at all, since there may be nothing negative about it. She does not like the other woman to have a mink coat if she has not one. But the remedy that she seeks is not to prevent the other woman from having a mink coat but to have one herself.

For this reason I have never agreed with the conventional view that women are more jealous than men. Women are intensely, and most unscrupulously ambitious, and, in the

make progress. They can no longer march at the head of the column; but they can at least do their best to make the column march at their speed. There remains the fascinating question of whether jealousy can ever be justifiable or desirable.

I suggest it is possible to be "jealous" not on one's own behalf but on behalf of other people or things or ideas.

EXAMPLE
TO take a simple example—during the war certain spectacular operations appeared greatly to the public fancy, and those who were supposed to have been responsible for them gained great credit and popularity.

Usually this was entirely deserved. Just occasionally it was not. In one instance known to me Smith thought of, designed, and carried through a brilliant and highly successful operation in the teeth of bitter opposition from Jones.

By some complication of responsibility or seniority which I never fully understood the whole credit for the operation went to Jones, both officially and in the public mind, though he had opposed it with absolute consistency throughout. Smith was never heard of.

JUSTICE
NOW it was very difficult for anyone who knew the facts not to feel jealous of Jones on Smith's behalf—and the feeling had much of the quality of true jealousy, since there was not only bitter resentment at the lack of recognition of Smith but a rather childish desire that Jones should not receive the promotion, the congratulations, and the public credit which he had done nothing to earn.

"Jealousy" for Smith here was jealousy for justice—like Eljah's mere zeal for a good cause. It is when the "good cause" becomes confused with ourselves and our own interests and our own fears that our sense of justice becomes a little odd.

Once overheard two famous actors talking in a restaurant. "I don't mind people praising me," said one, "but I'm very glad for his sake. It's time he had a success. But for people to go into raptures over a purely derivative effort like that is so bad for the theatre."

There were almost tears in his eyes as he pecked miserably at his salad. It was a green salad.

by
Nigel Balchin

Author of 'The Small Back Room,'
'Mine Own Executioner,' 'A Way
Through the Wood,' 'Sundry Creditors'

to the workman that he should put his idea to the management. I would support it.

He shook his head with a knowing smile, and said, "Not me. I know that game." I said, "But why not?"

"Because the foreman wouldn't like it. There's been two claps who've had good ideas here in the last year, and he's worked them both out within a month. Don't you ever let on that I gave you that idea, or I'll be looking for another job."

I cite these two examples because they have in them the real essence of jealousy as I understand the word—that is the dislike and fear of credit or success going to another, even though oneself is not damaged by it.

THE DIRECTORS in my first example did not merely want credit for themselves, which is human enough. They wanted to stop others from getting it. THE FOREMAN in the second example did not merely want to succeed and to stand well with the management as a man with bright ideas. He could not bear to see any of his subordinates doing so.

In my view, true jealousy always has this quality of enviousness—of a dog-in-the-manger desire—to frustrate somebody else—rather than the positive desire to succeed oneself, which is ambition.

BAD LUCK FOR A DIPLOMAT

By
JOHN CARDEW

Teheran. Lavrentiev, Russian Ambassador in Teheran, whose "disappearance" is "intriguing Persia, is one of the 'strong men' of Soviet diplomacy—typical of Russia's barnstorming obstructionists.

A former member of the feared secret police, the NKVD, turned diplomat, he is said to be a master of dilatory and to combine an unlimited optimism with an ability to slam doors and bang tables better than anyone else in the Soviet Foreign Ministry.

But he is the Soviet's most unlucky diplomat. His "strong" tactics have brought him no successes.

It was during his ambassadorship in Belgrade that Marshal Tito's finally broke away from the Cominform and the Soviet bloc.

Lavrentiev is said to have predicted that Tito would succumb to Soviet pressure.

Marshal Tito was staying at his villa near Zagreb when he was asked to receive the Soviet Ambassador, who was carrying a personal message from Stalin.

Describing this last and final meeting, Tito has revealed that Lavrentiev had to stand because he had not asked him to sit down.

As Tito was reading the eight-page letter, "Lavrentiev approached half a step in my direction, his gaze steadily fixed on me. He could no longer endure it, and before I had scanned the whole letter he asked: 'When shall we have an answer?'"

"I replied, tersely: 'We shall consider the letter.'"

The meeting lasted no more than three or four minutes.

INTO OBSCURITY
That was in April 1948. Then Lavrentiev sank into obscurity. But a year ago, after a split in the Rumanian Communist Party, which resulted in the purge of three or four leading high-ups—including Anna Pauker, Stalin's personal protégée—Lavrentiev was rushed off to Bucharest.

There he replaced Kavaratzke, who had been Ambassador to Rumania for five years. Lavrentiev failed, however, to restore harmony among the Rumanian leaders. If, as has been suggested, the mission was not to bring back Red Anna and her associates but, on the contrary, to send them to the execution squad, it must be regarded as equally unsuccessful.

After less than a year in Bucharest, where he is reported to have acquired the reputation of an old expert, he was moved to Teheran, where the scene was being set for his third, his greatest—and possibly his last—diplomatic failure.

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Telling the time while the sun shines

THE latest in timepieces, 350 year ago, was this handsome, gilt-metal, folding sundial. What a boon to the local natives! It not only told the time, but the direction of the poles, the Italian hours, Babylonian hours, phases of the moon, and the lengths of the days and nights.

But this versatile sundial could operate only at 50° of latitude—and then only when the sun shone! Nevertheless, it was portable and marked the first step towards the wrist-watch as we know it.

More than three centuries of research followed, till today we have timekeepers of such accuracy and versatility as the ancients never dreamt of. One of the finest examples of modern timekeepers is the Rolex Oyster Perpetual wrist-watch.

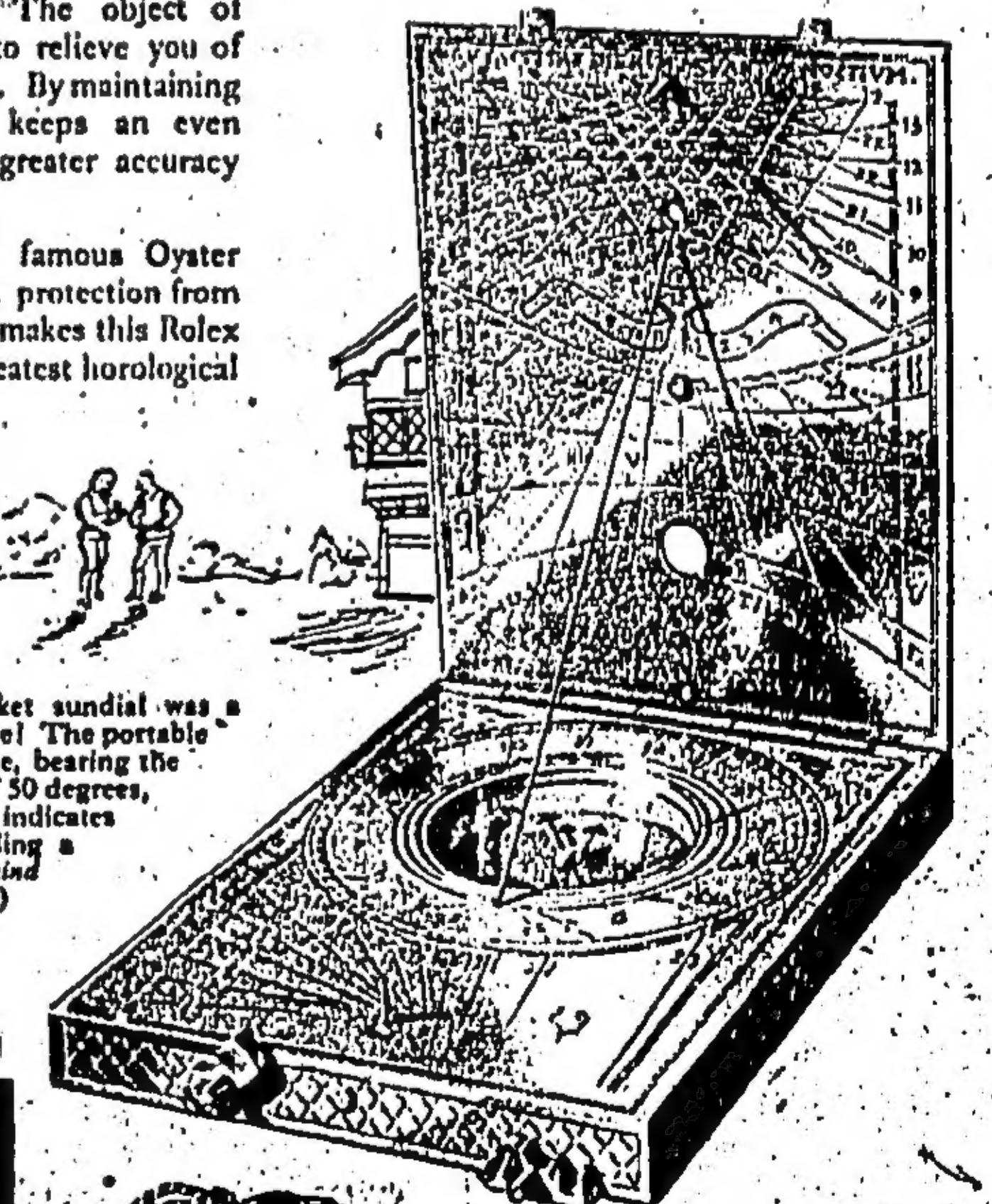
Here is an elegant timekeeper of breath-taking accuracy that operates just as efficiently at any latitude, day or night, rain or shine—and never needs winding! The secret lies in the exclusive Rolex Perpetual self-winding "rotor." Provided the watch is worn for 6 hours a day this "rotor" will keep it wound automatically indefinitely. The object of this ingenious device is not simply to relieve you of the burden of daily winding the watch. By maintaining a constant flow of power which keeps an even tension on the mainspring, it gives greater accuracy and longer life.

This feature, combined with the famous Oyster waterproof case which ensures perfect protection from dust, damp, powder and perspiration, makes this Rolex Oyster Perpetual one of the world's greatest horological achievements.

Telling the time from the sun on a pocket sundial was a simple operation—so long as the sun shone! The portable sundial here illustrated is of German make, bearing the date 1597. Designed for use at a latitude of 50 degrees, the shadow of the string "gnomon" indicates the time on a horizontal disc surrounding a magnetic compass. (Reproduced by kind permission of the Science Museum, London.)



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual, first flowing of three centuries of endeavour, waterproofed by the famous Oyster case, self-winding by virtue of the exclusive Rolex Perpetual self-winding "rotor," marks a landmark in the history of time measurement.



The Rolex Red Seal signifies that the watch to which it is attached has been tested by an Official Testing Station of the Swiss Government, has been awarded its own Official Timing Certificate, and the proud title of chronometer. Every Rolex Oyster Perpetual bears the Rolex Red Seal.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

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Society for the Protection
of Children.

THE JEALOUS FATHER WRECKS A MARRIAGE

**REFRESHER
COURSE
FOR WIVES
(and husbands)**

Concluding article
By **PHYLLIS
DIGBY MORTON**

MARRIAGE is the chief milestone in most people's lives. The second is the day their first child is born.

There are marriages where this second milestone is never reached because a different road has been followed. Careerist marrying careerist may deliberately and responsibly choose to have no family because they feel that each has a valuable contribution to make to society through work, and that a child in such a ménage would not have enough of their individual love and care.

More selfishly, a couple fond of luxury may choose to spend what money they have on themselves. It is easy to moralise on the boredom and aimlessness likely to beset such a purely selfish arrangement, but it seems to me it would be a much more serious disaster for a child to arrive in a home like this, where neither parent wanted it. Not every human being has the makings of a loving and successful parent.

No one feels anything but sympathy for the husband and wife who fight for children that do not come. However, this kind of childlessness does nothing to hurt the marriage itself, for shared disappointment only cements love. Luckily, too, adoption offers a happy alternative.

Only child era

WITH the first baby comes the beginning of another problem to be solved in a year or two: is it to be an only child, or not?

As civilisation matures, we tend to forget that the primary purpose of getting married is to raise a family. It is a fact of elementary arithmetic that if every single person married and no child died, the race would maintain itself at the same level provided every couple had two children.

Since not everyone does marry and since children still die, an average of three children to a family would seem essential. Instead, the only child family is fashionable. Today we regard three children as a sign of positive courage, and more than three as sheer folly.

The only child, who was something of a freak in Grand-ma's day, is rapidly becoming the average child, and it finds life hard to understand. "We felt we could afford to give one what we couldn't have given two," is the explanation most often offered. A handsome pile of presents at Christmases and birthdays is thought to be material compensation for the lack of a companion at waking and bedtime—the times in the day when an only child seems most of a lonely child to a looker-on.

On the defence

HAVE you ever thought how bewildering it may be to have no brothers and sisters, just presents instead? Not only bewildering, frightening too. For although we learn by training to be social creatures, biologically we are adapted to a family group, and subconsciously we are still on the defence against people who are not our blood relations.

On the face of it, we may seem to reserve much more dislike and ill-temper for our own kin than we do for the world in general, but appearances are deceptive. The fact is that any human being, and particularly a very young one, feels insecure and afraid if he is deprived of all blood relations.

It is rather a solitary prospect to have no one at all "belonging" to you but your two parents, who according to statistics will die 25 years before you do.

It is a modern idea for the father to be expected to

turn a hand to nursery work if and when necessary. It is one of the minor social revolutions wrought by the disappearance of domestic help. But it is certainly no new idea for Papa to take his share of maintaining discipline. It is a happy, and probably a rare household, that manages to settle down to this business of "Keeping Order" without hard discipline.

Conflicting orders

NO child can serve two masters, and a child subjected to a barrage of conflicting orders from two strong-minded parents with basically different ideas as to its upbringing is likely to repay this well-meant attention by turning as speedily as possible into an infant.

So, however much you may disagree on other themes, do try to achieve unity on this vital matter of giving orders and its equally vital companion, meting out punishment—and remember that whatever the crime, its explanation should be swift and final. "Punishment over-announced in a brisk, unemotional voice, leaves the child clear of guilt and free to turn over to an unblotted page of the copybook.

The truth is that, although by tradition children keep a home together and a marriage strong, the opposite is often true. A husband can become acutely jealous both of his wife's influence with their child ("She is with him all day," he tells himself angrily. "What chance is there for me?"), or he can become equally jealous because he thinks the child is drawing his wife's interest away from himself. In

either instance, he feels left out.

This is a contingency to be particularly guarded against when there is only one child. With two or more the opposite happens. Youth calls for youth, and no matter how nimble Papa and Mama join in the nursery games, there will inevitably be moments when they find themselves paired off together where they belong—in the realms of the grown-ups, a million miles away.

Bow your head

ANOTHER field in which a trouble may start is that of the in-laws.

Contrary again to accepted theory, I do believe in the disturbing influence of the mother-in-law.

Once the first baby has come, the mother-in-law turns into a grandma, and grandmas are usually very delightful persons. Far more likely a source of irritation is the spate of advice sometimes poured out by the knowledgeable younger in-laws with growing families of their own and an itch to impart information.

My advice to any newly-fledged mother in these circumstances is to bow her head as meekly as possible under the spate and to remember that nothing so much endears anybody to anybody else as to accept gratefully and be seen to follow a piece of practical advice.

A splendid chance—if one is needed—to patch up any hitherto difficult relationship!

You... the model

HUSBANDS and wives are full of human frailties, but mothers and fathers are expected to be perfect. Though it is a hard standard to live up to, never forget that your child looks on you and to no one else for its first behaviour pattern.

You are the blue-print from which it learns. If a wife persistently interrupts her husband, if the husband never gets up from his chair for his wife, how can they expect their children to have good manners and to understand the grace of living?

Children need training, yes. But always remember that husbands and wives need training just as much as children. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



MAYBE A DIAMOND IN THE MEATBALL

From **NEWELL ROGERS**

YOU might find a diamond in your meatball at the Food for Kings restaurant in New Orleans.

It is Diamond Jim Moran's latest stunt for V.I.P.s (very important patrons).

On sunny days Moran can be seen seven streets away. He glitters with 200,000 worth of diamonds from toupee to shoe-laces.

His real name is James Brocato, and as a skilled Italian chef his meatballs were famous

even before diamonds began to pop out of them.

AUDREY HEPBURN, the 23-year-old British star, had better have a level as well as a beautiful head on that long, slender neck, else it will be turned.

Oh, the adjectives of the Broadway critics for her work as a princess in her first big picture, "Roman Holiday," with Gregory Peck! "Enchanting," "fin, haunting" are just three of a string.

Asks a Hollywood critic in a national magazine: "Audrey Hepburn—greatest since Garbo?"

WALT DISNEY is paid too much (\$3,000 a week) complains Disney Corporation shareholder Clement Melancon in a law suit.

Mr Melancon says he has had no dividends since 1947.

I LOVE YOU was written 400 times in 400 letters by Theresa MacDonald, aged 21, of Brooklyn.

Just these words and nothing else.

Bored Chinese Rod censors passed them all on to Corporal William Bradigan, 22, just released prisoner-of-war. He will be in Brooklyn soon for a wedding.

SIXTEEN G-men, disguised as holiday campers, slowly hunted and fished their way to an isolated Communist hide-out, 8,000 ft. up in the Sierra Nevada mountain range, California.

They surrounded the hide-out and arrested two fugitive Communist leaders. But only after recourse to fingerprinting. For the fugitives, bull-breakers Robert G. Thompson and Sidney Steinberg, had changed considerably in a couple of years.

Thompson, for instance, had a moustache dyed a dashing strawberry blond, along with his hair, and he had gained 30 lb. They lived by fishing, hunting, and taking it easy in the beautiful and abundant forest wilderness.

MOUBA LYMPANY, of Britain, Vladimir Horowitz (U.S.); Robert Casadesu (France), and Gulomar Novace (Brazil), will be among 30 pianists giving a charity concert with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra on October 9 to celebrate the 100th anniversary of a piano company.

Two will play an arrangement of "The Star Spangled Banner" together, another ten Chopin's Polonaise in A Major.

THE BLACK PANTHER SPEAKS IN THE CITY CALLED RED

Marrakesh-the-Red,

HIS name is El Glaoui (pronounce it, Glowie). Mark him as a king-maker while spinning the title of Sultan for himself.

His name in full is His Excellency El Hadj Thami El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, ruler of a kingdom embracing the lower half of French Morocco and stretching from the Atlantic across the Atlas Mountains to the edge of the Sahara Desert.

At his word just over a fortnight ago 10,000 Berber horsemen came silently out of the desert and entered Rabat, the administrative capital of Morocco.

Indignation

WITHIN 48 hours the Sultan was deposed and another member of the royal house produced from obscurity and placed on the throne.

At El Glaoui's word the tribesmen and their motley little horses melted away overnight after a coldly menacing ride through the Arab quarters

—by
**KENNETH
MACAULAY**

of the city. It was a warning to trouble-makers that not for nothing is El Glaoui known as The Black Panther.

With only a ramshackle Government in power in Paris, and communications chaotic because of strikes, a colonial crisis could have brought down M. Laniel's Cabinet.

All the will and half the desire were present among the tribes to put their indignation over the old Sultan to the test of war.

But the Resident-General Guillaume acted with tact, and having kept the peace El Glaoui went back to his palace in Marrakesh, the city called Red because it retains its ancient desert hue and eschews the use of cool whitewash.

It was there he received me in audience. The temperature in the shade was 104 degrees. The sun did not seem so much to burn as to sting the nerve-ends beneath the skin.

The car swung into the outer court of the palace and was halted at a Moorish arch by a guard armed with a wooden staff and dagger.

There was a fascinating disconcert about everyone who came and went.

Robed dignitaries arrived holding hands as is the custom in Moslem countries. With some the Keeper of the Gate shook hands, with others he kissed hands, with yet others he made greeting breast to breast, heart to heart.

Stillness

ALL conversations were softly and confidentially conducted as if not to disturb El Glaoui himself beyond the 10th, 11th and 30th, high walls.

The signal came for me to come forward and I was taken to the pasha's cabinet. Here the atrocity, which was blowing hard outside, did not even move the fronds of the palms in the courtyard, and the green marble inlaid floor seemed to make the air cooler.

El Glaoui sat on a golden chair and hitched his golden dagger round so that it lay more comfortably in his lap.

He cooled himself with a flag-shaped rush fan. He is aged 78, and he is best pictured

with his high, prominent cheekbones as a greatly sunburned John D. Rockefeller dressed in black and white striped robes.

His room, with high-vaunted roof, was lit by concealed lighting. Heavy oil paintings in gold frames, slashed oddly with collections of tribal armour, swords, and French Empire furniture.

Before him on a table was a pile of unopened letters. Underneath, a box of chocolates. Behind him, a magnificent 4ft-long bronze of a black panther.

Like all those about him, El Glaoui spoke softly.

The revolt of the tribes? It was all over now, he said. They had gained their point.

The Communist-dominated National Party called Istiglal? El Glaoui had read General Guillaume's statement that "the head of the serpent had been cut off." He thought the general was quite right.

The pasha dismissed contemptuously the reging of the 10-nation Arab bloc at the United Nations over the "oppression" of Morocco by France. The matter had nothing to do with the United Nations. I asked about the reforms which the French Administration

planned to give the people of Morocco. The French want to bring in democratic government beginning with parish councils, then city councils, going on to regional councils until full parliamentary government is reached one day.

That, said El Glaoui, was a matter for the French and he would say no more.

A council?

SO much concerned are the French, that General Guillaume flew to Paris for top-level talks with Foreign Minister Bidault.

The general knows that El Glaoui, having got rid of the old Sultan, wants to divest the new of his political powers and leave him in the role of the religious Head of the State.

He wants the real power to be invested in the hands of a Council of the Crown on whose advice the Sultan would issue decrees as a constitutional monarch.

Reforms? No

THE implications behind El Glaoui's plan are immense. The Crown Council would be able to scrap or at least delay the reforms which the French are anxious to make.

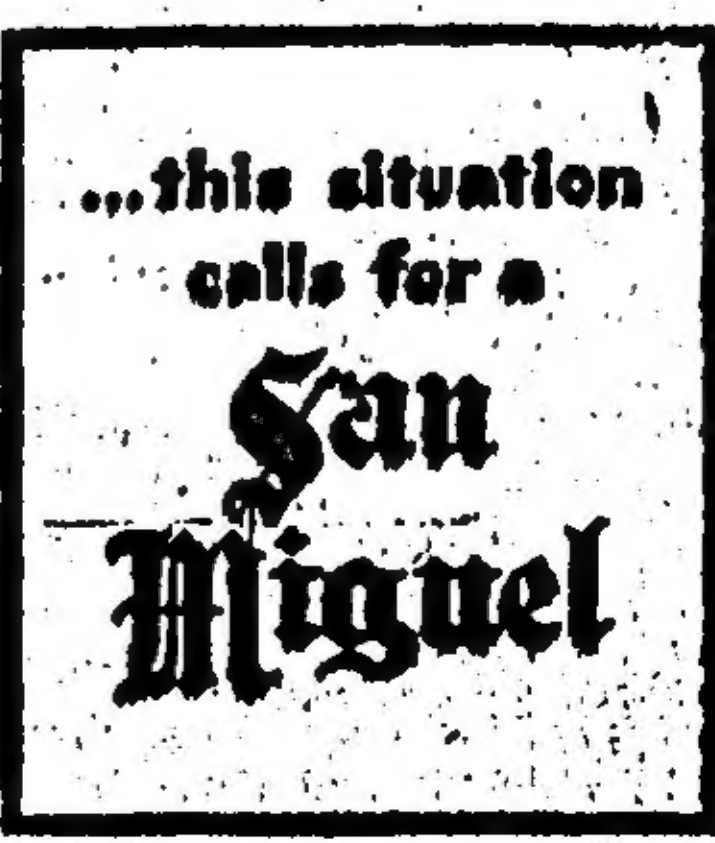
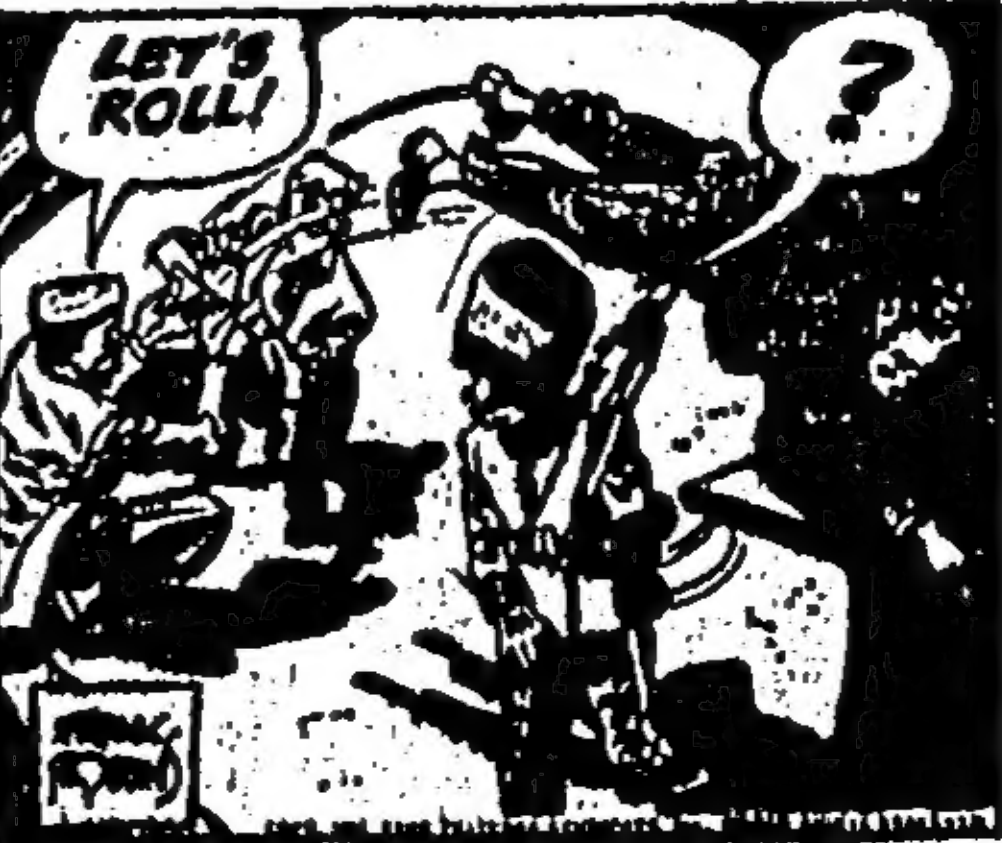
It is easy to see why El Glaoui cannot be eager to have Morocco's ancient feudalism reformed.

Democratic representation would strip him of much of his great power in the same way in which he proposes to strip the Sultan. No longer would the faithful bring the traditional rich gifts to secure the ruler's favour or further their causes at law. No longer would they pay him taxes and dues.

The danger to El Glaoui is that a modern State might cut an end to the power of the pasha.

This Barber prince and his tribesmen are living in a medieval State and they like being medieval.

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Dior's New Paris Look



From Christian Dior's new Autumn collection. Left: A coat in black faille, gathered from shoulder, with fly-away stand-up collar.

Right: A dance dress in pale pink rose under black spotted net, banded with black lace. A matching short shoulder cape sets off the dress. Suitable also for cocktails or the garden party.

A dress in fine black cloth, with a black velvet bow on the skirt. It is cut in one unbroken line from the small stand-up collar, via a moulded midriff, to the edge of the new short hem.

SHE PUT IDEALISM TO WORK

By Anne Heywood

"I'm afraid I am just an idealistic 'do-gooder'," S. M. told me, "and it's too bad, because I have to earn my living. Yet I can't seem to care about any business or any product enough to devote my life to it."

S. M. was a very conscientious young woman in her late twenties. She had an excellent secretarial job which her friends envied, and her boss was one of America's industrial leaders. She liked working for him, and she liked her secretarial duties, especially the contact work and the organisational aspects.

"But," she mourned, "I do wish I could have a job that gave me a feeling of helping humanity."

She had toyed around with the idea of studying social case work at night school, but this would be a long-term project and out of the question financially.

The Answer

The answer for S. M., and for many girls of this type, is to get into the business and organisational end of a non-commercial operation. At my suggestion, she wrote letters to the directors of the major hospitals in her city.

She is now employed as assistant to the public relations director of one of the large hospitals. Her duties are varied. The hospital is raising money now for a new maternity wing, and she handles the many details involved in writing to civic leaders, enlisting their help in raising the money. She also works on press releases, giving news about the activities of volunteers, etc.

S. M. gets a tremendous outlet for interest in people by interviewing the volunteers, assigning them to the department which is right for them, and even listening to their complaints. She supervises schedules for personnel, and in her free time, goes through the wards, chatting with patients and, in general, raising morale.

If you have tried the commercial world and found it lacked something for you, don't give up and consider yourself a failure. Instead, turn towards the service fields, such as hospitals, research foundations and fund-raising organisations. You will be using the same skills; you will be throwing away none of your experience; and you will feel that your efforts are being devoted to a cause for which you can care.

Sensitive Skin Needs Care



By HELEN FOLLETT

SOME complexions are sensitive. They flare up when soap is used. They rebel against certain cosmetics. In fact, they have tantrums. They sometimes get flaky.

Blondes, more than brunettes, are inclined to have whinical complexions. This is because the cutaneous fabric is thinner and more delicate. Such skin requires a lot of petting if it is to retain youthful loveliness.

Soap should be carefully selected. One may prove more congenial than another. Hot water is no help to such problem skin. Have it just warm enough so soap will lather. Rinse with tepid water, dry gently and apply a soothing cream.

The more cream used the better will be the effect. Put on a light film, tap it in, working from the neck upward. Make a second application and do more slapping and spanking. It sometimes happens that a cream rouge will be more acceptable than the dry type. Put it on in tiny dots over the cheeks, then blend them together. Do not form a round pattern. Nature doesn't do that, as a rule.

Sweep rouge under the eye and outward, then come down on the cheek and go back to the starting point, forming a triangle. The higher up the application, the more it will

enhance your eyes. Don't forget eyes are the most expressive and interesting features you have. This kind of a complexion is sometimes due to a diet deficiency. Don't fail to start the day with orange juice, as it contains vitamin C. Once a day have a green salad. Fruits and vegetables are beauty groceries, too.

SACHETS IN MANY FORMS

INSTEAD of lamenting about the high cost of perfumes, a woman would do well to look into the subject of sachets.

They come in many forms. You can buy the bulk product, sprinkle it on closet shelves and in dresser drawers. Or you can make little cotton bags and fill them with sachet.

If you are not a needle-and-thread girl, you can purchase fancy little sachet pillows to place in glove and hat boxes, and in your lingerie drawer. There are also pretty little fragrant sachet balls for coat hangers. They will impart a sweet fragrance to the clothes closet and all its contents. One of the specially nice things about sachets is that they never stain fabrics, as the best perfumes and toilet waters do sometimes.

Paris Raises The Curtain

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

LONDON. FROM now on a woman will not be fashionable merely because of the clothes she wears. The figure must be fashionable too. That's the conclusion from the sketches of the new Paris styles.

For whether you look at the new short length from Dior or the billowing evening skirts from Fath, the story is the same. Clothes are moulded to the figure — and that figure must be flat round the diaphragm and slim round the waist.

This is fine if your measurements are a model's, but the outlook is not too good for those with shapely dimensions — and a hankering after fashion.

Dior's new style, the cupola lines, is achieved by layers of stiffened petticoats. It is to be seen on many of his coats and dresses all with the new length — 17 inches from the ground.

Nipped Waist

A typical coat has natural shoulders and nipped-in waist. Under this coat goes a hip-length stiffened canvas petticoat; under that a hem-length petticoat, also stiffened. Pockets and cross seaming at hip level further emphasise the waist.

The coat with the layered petticoats, which makes its debut this season, may be in any one of the fashionable materials — broadcloth, flannel, tweed or one of the new print woolen fabrics.

You could, if you are a Dior enthusiast, go the whole way and wear a double layer of petticoats. Dior showed such a one in white grosgrain. The whole effect was startling and generally considered

THE PIRATES OF FASHION

By Gay Pauley

NEW YORK. THE FBI, Secret Service and Central Intelligence all could take a lesson in security from some of the nation's top fashion designers.

The designers guard their ideas so carefully you'd think they all operated with cloak and dagger instead of scissors and pins. And for good reason. A designer has money to lose if another pirates her ideas.

Some designers cloister their ideas in secret workrooms. Cecil Chapman, famous for her dress-up clothes, does her sketching in a room far from the factory. And she is the only person who knows its location.

Eleanor Lambert, spokesman for the New York Dress Institute's couture group, embracing some of the nation's biggest names in fashion, said that Mainbocher and Valentina are almost as secretive.

"No wonder," she added. "If a customer is paying a \$1,000 or so for a gown, a designer can't

take a chance on its being copied."

Mainbocher sees that the models in his workrooms wear muslin sacks over gowns-in-the-making. Russian-born Valentina drapes designs on herself, not trusting anyone else around except for the fitter, who speaks only Russian.

Miss Lambert said most of the big designers worry less about each other than they do about the manufacturers who eventually will copy their ideas into lower-priced clothes. Trend-setting designers would like to keep their ideas exclusive for at least one season.

But fashion ideas leak, as designer Hattie Carnegie will tell you.

Good Copy

"I was flabbergasted," she recalled, "when a Fifth Avenue store window displayed a copy of one of my suits, a week after I had sketched it. It was a very good copy too."

The methods of piracy are many, but the most familiar one, Miss Lambert said, is the bribery of workroom help. And on occasion, women posing as reporters have been asked to leave a fashion show, when someone noticed they were busily sketching designs that they were taking notes.

European designers have more protection against fashion thievery than American, the Dress Institute spokesman added. Paris designers will admit American manufacturers to their showrooms only if the manufacturer contracts for at least \$1,000 in clothes. Italy's couturiers charge a \$100 fee, plus a deposit on purchases.

No Copyright

But Miss Lambert said the United States Supreme Court many years ago held that an American designer may not copyright designs.

Some designers are pretty philosophical about the piracy. Pauline Trigere laughed about boarding a steamer for Europe a few days after she had displayed her latest line of dresses and suits. She no longer had come on deck than a manufacturer of budget-priced clothes walked up to her and remarked:

"Miss Trigere, I didn't think so much of your clothes this season. I only saw two things I intend to copy."

Best Effect

To give this dress its best effect it should be worn by someone with a slim waist and flat diaphragm.

French designers have carried over from the summer season their preference for prints. New woollen prints are now in. And their name in the place of the traditional silk and cotton prints.

Plain fabrics and long-haired materials have printed designs in contrasting colours. Black on cognac is a popular choice.

Some materials achieve a printed effect with two tones of the same colour. Others have moiré designs, perhaps black on black, which give a wavy effect like that on moiré taffeta. Many have ribbed or woven "iron-bar" designs.

If the revival of the cloche is slow to catch on it must be partly the fault of Englishmen. They won't have it. And for once, women have taken note of masculine criticism. Remarks about inverted paper bags and upturned flower-pots have gone home.

So naturally we were beginning to think that the cloche had been relegated to the limbo of forgotten fashions. But not so. For it has received a boost from film actresses.

Eva Bartok, who flew into London sporting one in fancy straw. She declared that hers was copied from hers worn by Stephanie in her native Hungary as protection against wind and rain.

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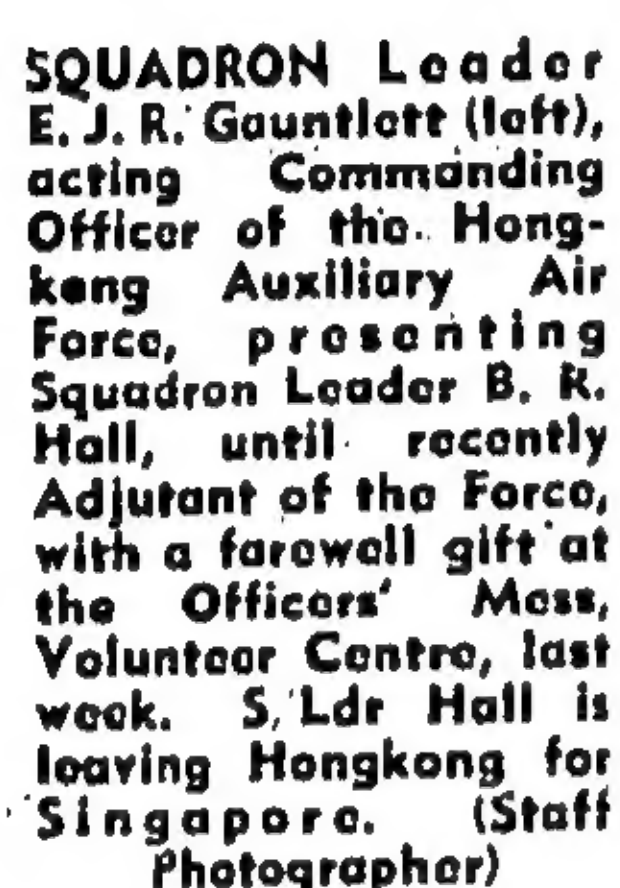
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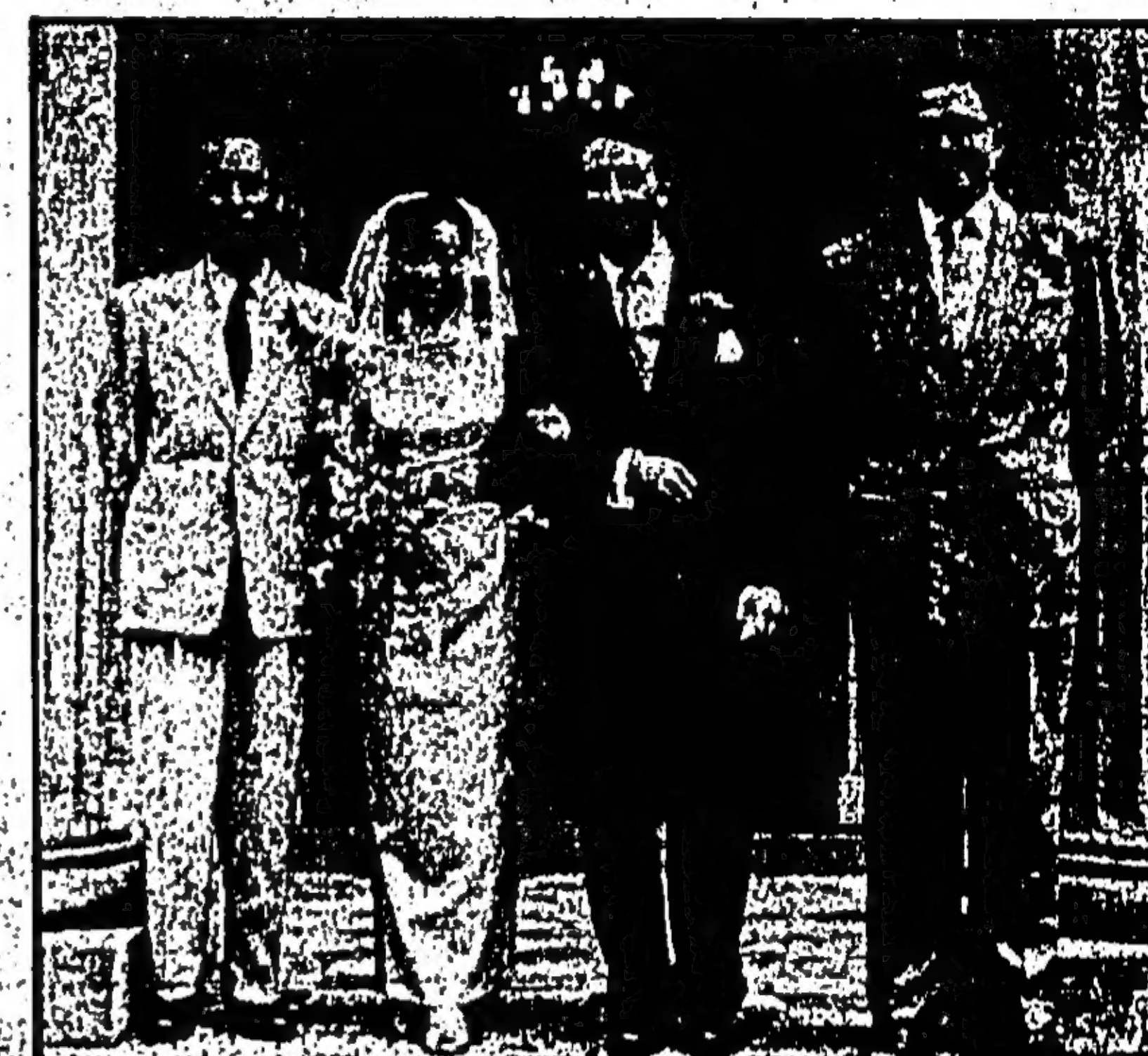
BRITISH Red Cross workers sorting clothing before distribution to needy victims of last week's squatter hut fire at Aberdeen. Many Chinese ladies assisted in the work, one of whom, Mrs May Ho, is seen on the right. (Staff Photographer)



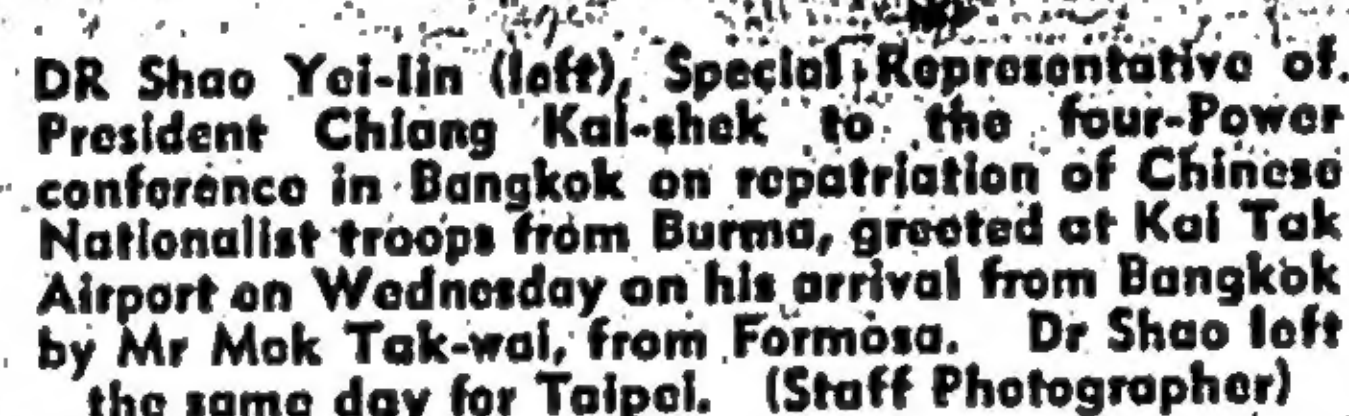
COLONEL V. R. Burkhardt, author of "Chinese Creeds and Customs," gave a talk at the YWCA on Tuesday on Chinese symbolism. He is seen after his talk with Mrs. Ellen Li, President of the YWCA, and Mme N. du Broull, acting Chairman of the English-Speaking Group. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Group outside the English Methodist Church after the wedding on Monday of the Rev. Peter Brian Philipson and Miss Helen Mary Cottrell. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE at the Laichikok Amusement Park on Tuesday when 60 candidates passed a life-saving examination conducted by Mr O. F. Bower, Superintendent of Marine Police and honorary representative of the Royal Lifesaving Society. (Staff Photographer)



AT the party given by Kowloon Court staff to Mr K. Y. Yung, the Magistrate, who has now entered private practice. From left: Mr L. Long, Mr Leung Ching-yu, Chief Inspector Wheeler, Mr Yung and Mr Lawrence Leong. (Staff Photographer)

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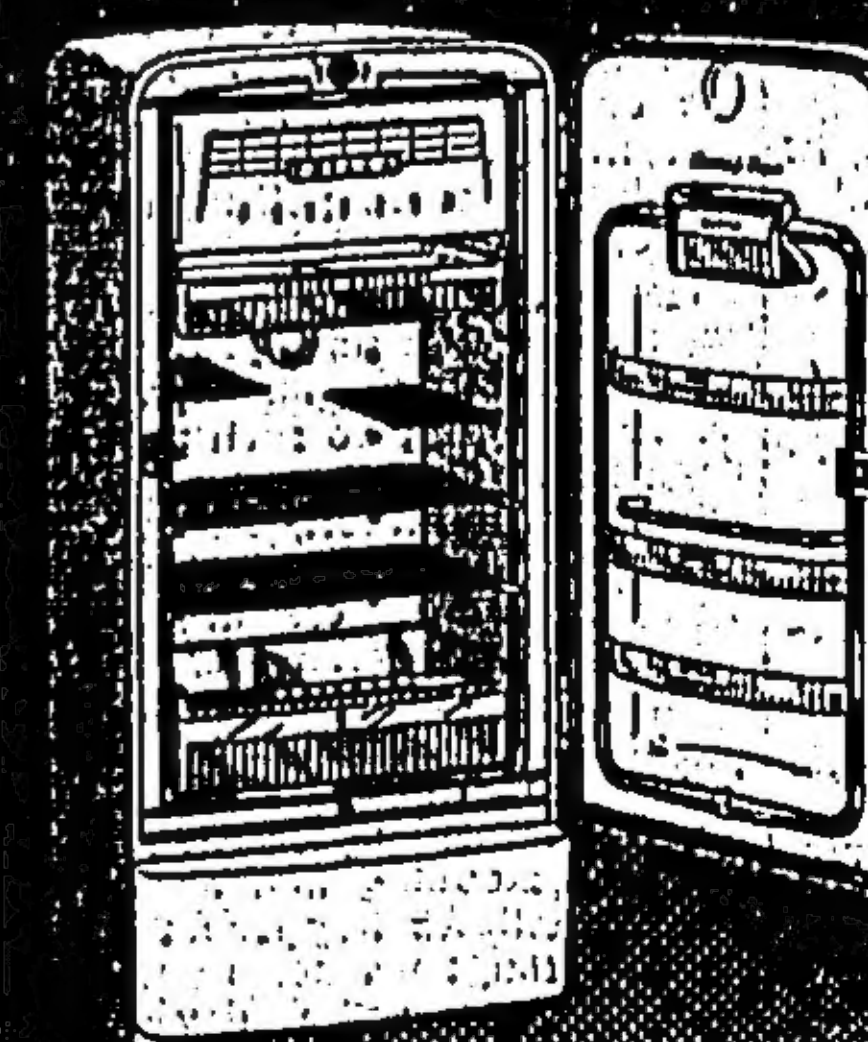
RIGHT: Pete Schoening and Deo Molenaar, members of the American expedition which made an unsuccessful attempt to climb Mount Godwin-Austen in India, photographed at Kai Tak on their way back to Seattle. (Staff Photographer)



THE Acting Commander, British Forces, Major-Gen. R. C. Cruddas, inspecting No. 81 Troop RASC (Pack Transport) at Grenville Park, Telpo, last week. (Mayfair)

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SOME of the 291 British prisoners of war recently released from North Korean prison camps beam happily over the side of the troopship Dunera on her arrival here on Wednesday. After being entertained overnight ashore, they continued on their journey home the next day. (Staff Photographer)



CLIVE, son of Mr. O. F. Hamilton, Airport Manager at Kai Tak, and Mrs. Hamilton, celebrated his fifth birthday last Saturday. Picture taken at his party shows him about to cut the cake, watched by his parents and friends. (Willie's).



LEFT: Students of the Chatham English School who were successful in the recent School Leaving Certificate examination, together with their Principal, Mrs. W. H. Latimer, and teachers. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hongkong table tennis team which is now in Japan defending the Baroda Cup, for the Asian men's championship, and the Kamala Cup, for the Asian women's championship. Second from right, back row, is Sih Gu-chu, Asian and Hongkong singles champion. (Golden Studio)

LEFT: At the opening on Monday of the new Queen Elizabeth II Youth Centre in Kowloon, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, kicks off in the first minisoccer game to be played on the ground. (Staff Photographer)



MRS C. W. Reeco and Mrs. H. Talbot selling tickets for the Coronation Year Ball in the Gloucester Hotel lobby. The Ball, to be held on September 25, is in aid of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Violet Chan and other volunteer workers distributing clothes and other articles at the Shamshui Social Welfare Office to boat people who suffered when several junks were sunk or smashed by gale winds brought about by the proximity of Typhoon Rita. (Staff Photographer)



THE first Committee of the World Health Organisation Group of the United Nations Association of Hongkong, together with officials of UNA and WHO. From left, seated: Miss E. A. Mann, Honorary Secretary, Dr T. P. Wu, Chairman, Lady Howe, Adviser, and Mr. E. J. Lloyd, Adviser. (Staff Photographer)

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PICTURE taken at the christening of Heather Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. MacDonnell, which took place at St Joseph's Church last Sunday. (Roy Tsang)



TWO members of the Dutch warship, Johan-Maurits van Nassau, entertain with a number at the dance and cabaret given for men of the ship at the Kowloon Cricket Club on Thursday. The party was organised by the Netherlands Association. (Staff Photographer)

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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, and China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★



HOME DECORATING comes easy to John and Earline Brice. The bright couple are professional industrial designers and decorators.



FROSTED-GLASS WALLS separate the kitchen and foyer. When the doors are open, guests can see the painting that's hung in kitchen.

Designing Couple

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

TOO OFTEN neglected in the decorating scheme of things are bathrooms and kitchens. That's the opinion of John and Earline Brice, a designing couple whose own apartment proves they practise what they preach.

Not only the bathroom and kitchen, but every room in the house is attractively turned out. Each is distinctive, reflecting the personality and interests of both Brices. And that's the way it should be in every home, the couple insists.

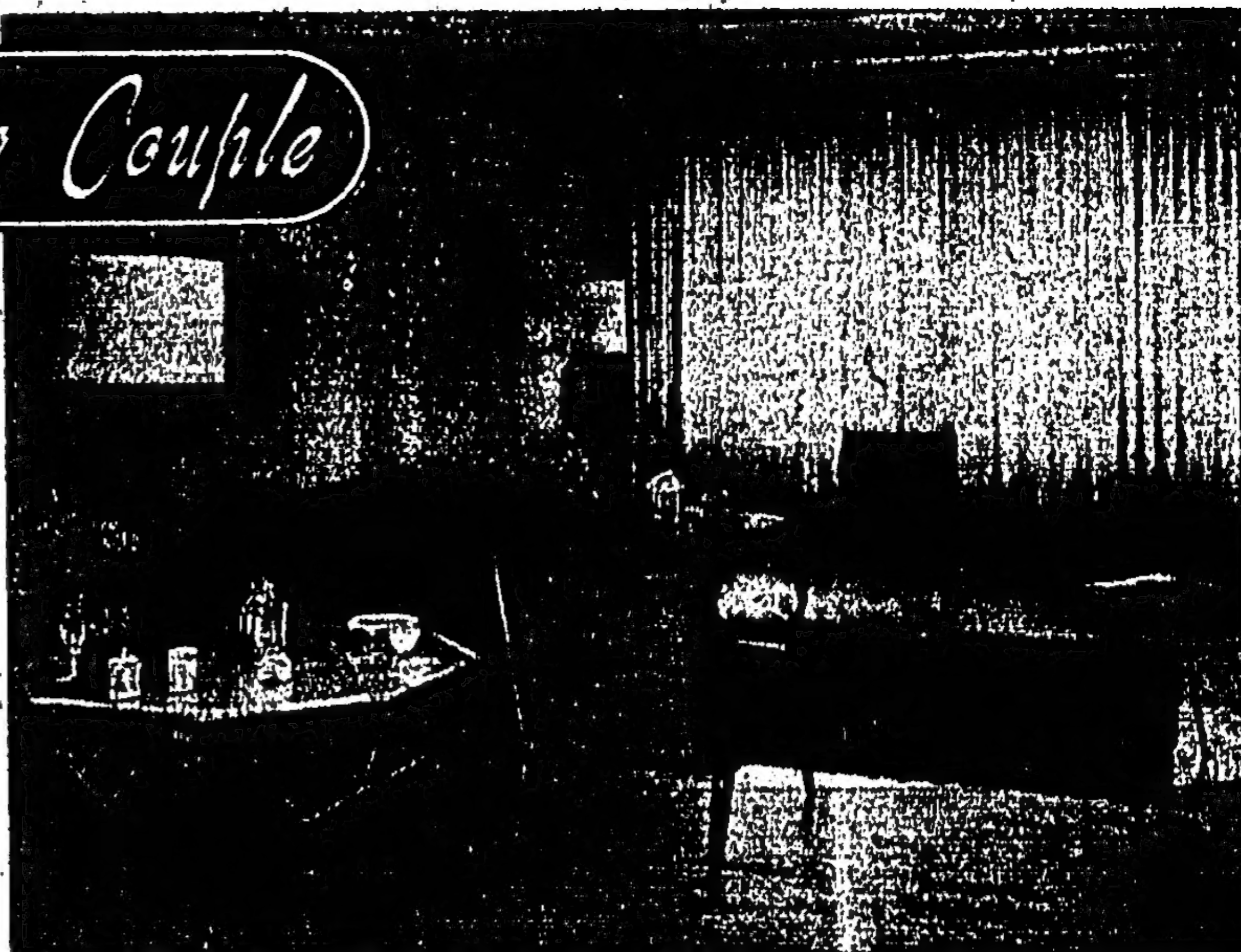
John and Earline, who design towels, shower curtains, bedspreads and many other domestic products, also do packaging jobs. Some of those fancy cosmetic boxes you see on store counters are their handiwork. That accounts, of course, for their charming apartment. Not everyone is as talented but, even so, the Brice home should suggest some interesting ideas that you might try out in your own house.

Kitchen Colour

Take their kitchen as a starter. Both Brices feel that white hospital look can be overdone, and so they've perked up their tiny kitchen with colour. They had rubber tile flooring cut into triangles to achieve a black, brown, grey and white design. And convinced that paintings belong in the kitchen just as much as in any other room, John painted a basket of bread and hung it on the wall, where it's visible from the foyer when the frosted glass kitchen doors are open.

Their bath is on the glamorous side, with pink and gold marble-patterned wallpaper and chintz shower curtains to match. Towels, which they styled themselves for a large company, are bud and azalea pink.

Turquoise, lavender and plum with white accents combine for the colour scheme of the Brice bedroom-sitting room. John's paintings made of Bavarian playing cards deck the wall over

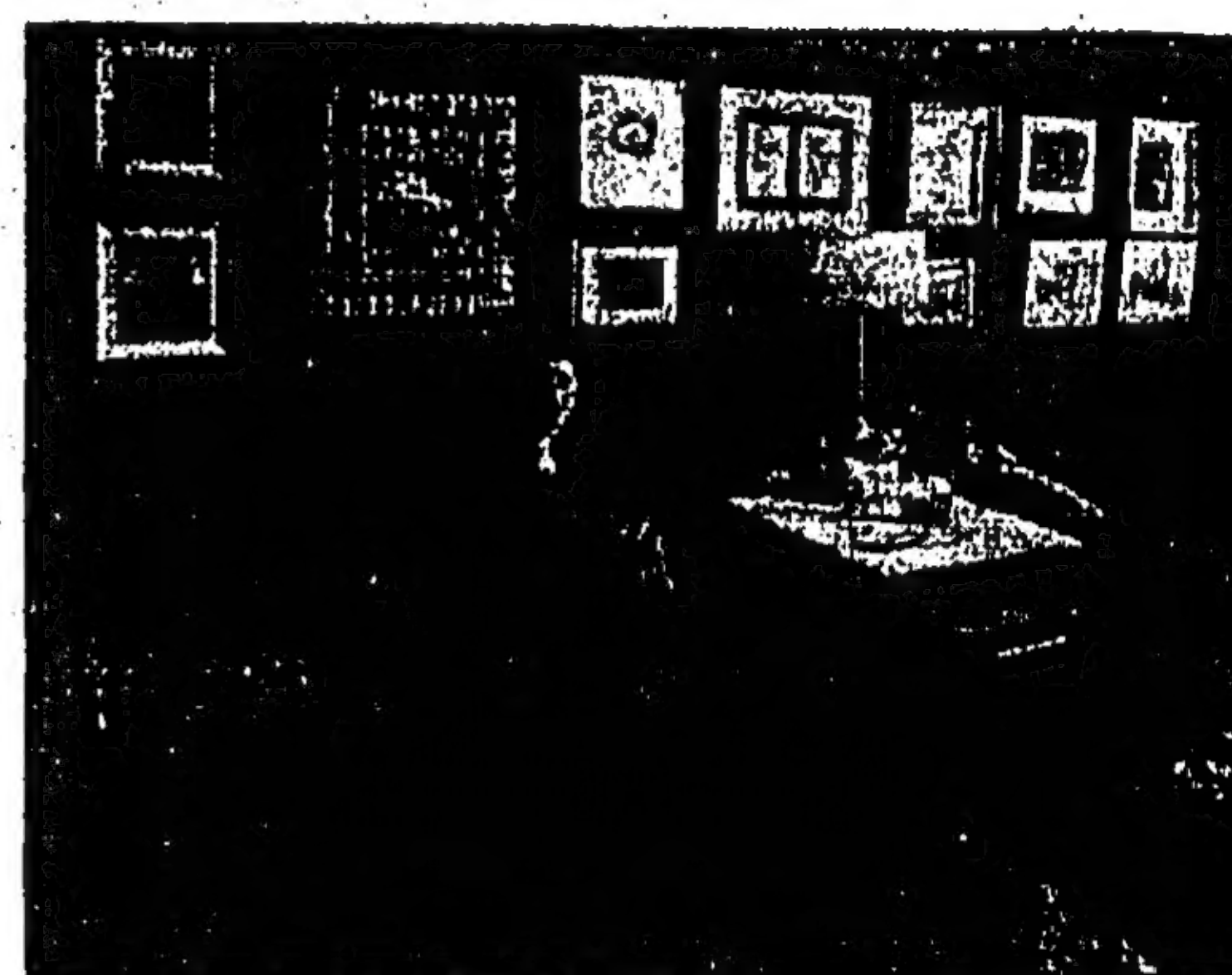


THEY COULDN'T FIND COFFEE TABLES that were big enough, so the Brices bought two huge marble slabs and had them placed on bases in their living room, which is in beige, mustard, peach, turquoise.

the studio couches and the end-night table.

The living room was planned for easy entertaining. Working on the theory that coffee tables are never big enough to hold a coffee service, the couple selected huge marble slabs, had them mounted on stands and made king-size coffee tables of them. Antique wooden figures were turned into handsome lamps.

Another novel touch was provided by two old-fashioned glass candy jars. The Brices use them as cigarette containers on either end table. Originally is the keynote throughout the apartment from the foyer dining table, a huge piece of glass, mounted on a base that John designed, to the unusual framed conversation piece that decorates the back hallway wall. The frame, covered in watermelon pink, holds a collection of dried flowers, sketches and other souvenirs of the days when John was courting Earline.



PAINTINGS BY JOHN provide a very personal decorative touch in an interesting arrangement on the wall of the bedroom-sitting room.

Skewered Lamb Is Impressive

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"A GOOD way to impress the family or guests is to prepare and serve the entree Arabic style," remarked the Chef. "In France we call this 'en brochette' in Egypt and the Near East it is known as 'Kebabs'."

"I suppose that's how we get the famous Arabic dish called 'Shish Kebab.' I understand, Chef, it originated with caravans crossing the desert. The men stuck pieces of meat on the points of their swords and broiled it over the camp fires. For the home, however, I recommend the long metal skewers or brochettes. They are not expensive, and can be obtained at good house-furnishing stores."

"I have in the food freezer some lamb brochettes I prepared last week; Madame might enjoy for luncheon, out? They can be broiled in 20 minutes without thawing."

Dinner
Spring Vegetable Soup
Lamb en Brochette
French Fries
Toasted Salad
Strawberry-Rhubarb Shortcake
Coffee
Tea
Milk

AN Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve Four
Spring Vegetable Soup
In a 2-qt. saucepan combine spring vegetables, including 1½ c. fine-chopped cabbage, 1

small head shredded lettuce, 1 peeled and shredded good-sized beet, ½ c. fine-diced new turnip, 1¼ c. fine-diced potatoes, ¾ c. minced celery, 1 shredded medium-sized carrot, 1 c. frozen or tinned peas. Add 6 c. cold water, 6 chicken bouillon cubes and 1½ tsp. butter or margarine. Cover, bring to a boil and simmer until the vegetables are tender, about 35 min. Serve in bowls; garnish with sizzling croutons and grated cheese.

Lamb Brochettes

Use 1-1½ lbs. lean tender lamb cut in 1 inch cubes. Let stand overnight in tomato juice, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate and ¼ tsp. pepper. Drain and stick onto brochettes with alternating squares of green pepper. Broil 20 min.; baste 3 times with ¼ c. melted butter or margarine containing 1 tsp. lemon juice.

Fish Brochettes

Use cubed, slightly thawed fish fillets first rolled lightly in flour, then brushed with oil.

Trick of the Chef

If you have only 1 small basket of strawberries to make a shortcake, slice and sugar and combine with drained sweetened rhubarb compote. Excellent!

Food Queries

Here are some questions and answers at a homemakers' club meeting:

Q. Do you approve the use of a meat tenderizer?

A. Yes, with tough meats.

Q. Should the tenderizer be used on meat before freezing?

A. No; rub it on just before thawing.

Q. What major foods contain phosphorus?

A. Milk, meat, whole grain cereals and whole grain breads.

Q. How long should baked goods be kept in the food freezer?

A. Preferably not more than a month; it's better to keep them moving. In any case, wrap-seal them carefully.

Q. Do you sprinkle monosodium glutamate on meat before freezing or when preparing for table?

A. Either method may be used.

Q. Do onions have food as well as flavour value?

A. Raw onions contain a little protein, calcium, phosphorus, iron, and small amounts of several vitamins.

Q. Should one eat between meals and before bedtime?

A. Not unless you're on a weight-gaining or a convalescent diet.

Q. What can be substituted when one is allergic to citrus fruits?

A. Use plenty of fresh or tinned tomatoes, tomato juice, strawberries, green peppers, raw cabbage, cantaloupe, lettuce, the skin of white potatoes, pineapple juice.

The Right Note In Piano Care

By ELEANOR ROSS

PIANO sales are forte, if we may commit a pun, and sales of sheet music are pretty good, too. Which proves that despite the blandishments of the radio record players, people still like to make their own music.

There's nothing to equal the fun and pleasure of gathering around the piano for a bit of harmonising of songs old and new. But you've got to keep that piano in fine fettle too, as it's an ornament in the home, as well as a producer of lovely sounds.

A piano should be kept free from dampness and in a normal temperature, away from heat of any kind, and from draughts. It should receive at least three tunings a year—four if it is used by real musicians—and it also requires regulating from time to time.

Keep the wood exterior gleaming and lovely, but don't forget that the piano interior should be cleaned occasionally, too. Many tuners place camphor inside the piano to ward off moths that might attack the fine wool felt.

No Heavy Frames

While a piano case does seem to be a regular gallery for storying photos, busy folk insist that the frames should be very light, as a heavy frame or a vase of flowers may leave pressure marks. And keep the top closed when the piano is not in use.

If it is infrequently used, expose the ivory keys to light now and again, since ivory tends to yellow if kept in the dark continuously. Wipe the keys lengthwise with a soft, slightly dampened cloth, finishing up with a soft, dry cloth.

As for the case, if it is waxed or varnished, treat it as you would the finest of furniture. If the finish has become very scratched, scuffed or cracked, it is best not to attempt any home remedies, especially if the instrument is a good one, but to arrange to send it to the factory for a complete stripping and re-finishing.

If a piano is to be left for a long period in an occupied house, camphor should be placed where it will not affect the finish of any wooden or metal parts, and thick layers of newspapers should be placed with equal care in the interior to absorb moisture. The top should be covered with a heavy wadded flannel or felt, several blankets or a thick quilt.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The best way to wash a pasty cloth is to soak it first in cold water, then squeeze it repeatedly through warm soapy water, following with lukewarm rinses. Instead of wringing, spread it flat, and smooth out wrinkles with a spatula or brush. When dry, it is ready for use without ironing.

Badly soiled furniture can be cleaned by washing with soap and water to which two or three tablespoons of kerosene or turpentine have been added. Rub dry with a soft cloth, then polish or wax.

After laundering garments of washable synthetic fabrics, hang them up without wringing out and let drip dry. For best results, soft rag before placing garment on the hanger. Finger-press seams, collars and cuffs occasionally as the garment dries.

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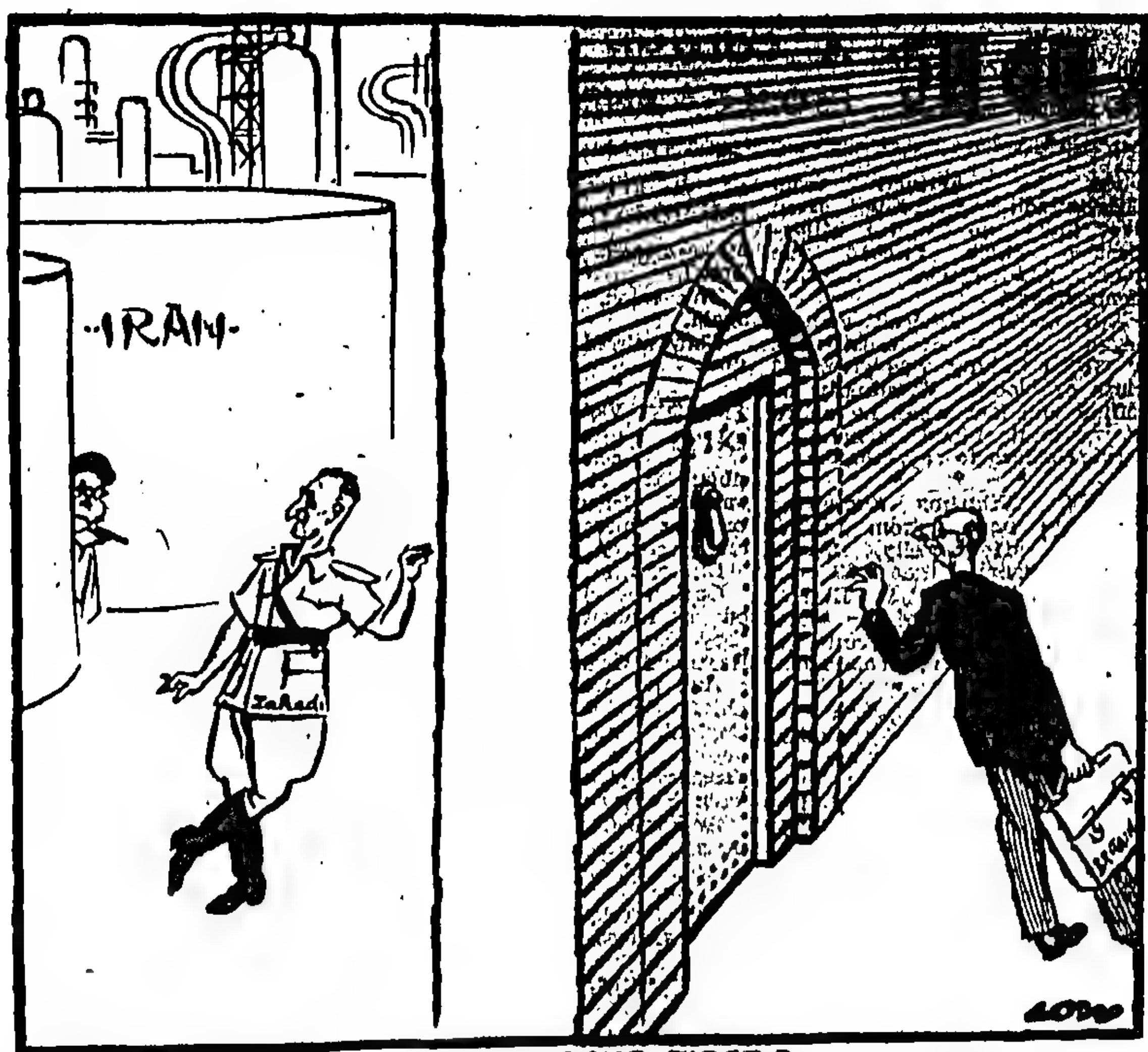
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WHO KNOCKS FIRST?

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THE ATTLEES'

ON the main road outside Edenbridge, Kent, stands a modern Tudor house with an acre of lawn, rosebeds and vegetable patch behind it.

The door knocker is Horatio Nelson in brass, breathing defiance from a rocky shore. When you knock there are frolicsome scampers and barks within.

As likely as not Laurence Atlee himself comes to the door, tallish, grizzled and pipe-smoking, attended by the household's joyous dogs. In the hallway swings a handsome inn sign. The Atlee Arms. It was painted as a lark by friends who had enjoyed the Atlees' hospitality.

Cross-bench

POLITICALLY Laurence is the odd man out. Brother Tom (74), a retired architect who lives in Cornwall and sits on innumerable church committees is as confirmed a Socialist as brother Clement. Laurence, on the other hand, is an unattached Liberal. "I have one of those cross-bench minds which the big parties hate with an especial hatred. But when it comes to leaders, I support Churchill if I support anybody."

In Laurence Atlee's study, Churchill's war history is stacked conspicuously between a bust of Dante and the old-fashioned typewriter on which he taps out good-cause letters. We went for a stroll across the fields. Laurence pointed with his stick to a distant ridge and, with possessive pride, said, "Churchill's house, Chartwell, is just over the top there."

One November Fifth, Churchill, then in Opposition, drove down from Chartwell to see the famous Edenbridge bonfire in a field at the far end of the town. Edenbridge was flattered and exuberant. But, said the organisers the morning after, our celebration must never become a party affair.

They went to Laurence and asked, "Could you persuade your brother Clement to come down

ODD MAN OUT

Brother Laurence takes a cool view of the State that Clement built

next year just to even things up? Clement, then Prime Minister, obliged.

On the way out to the bonfire he crossed the River Eden by the town's historic trust bridge. Laurence is a bridge trustee himself and highly pleased with the ornamental lamps which have been fixed on its parapets to mark Coronation year.

"What do you think of our bridge?" he asked Clement when the fireworks were over. "I think it ought to be nationalised," teased Clement in his dry way. Upon which Laurence earnestly shouted: "Hands off!"

In telling me of this incident he commented, "From 1940 to 1945 I served in Whitehall myself as liaison officer between the War Office and Naafi. Those five years taught me that the fewer things Whitehall controls the better."

Between Laurence and Clement there are many points in common. They have the same clipped cheek-bones, the same clipped, genteel speech.

Both are happily domesticated, with grown-up families. As pre-1914 youngsters they both set up boys' clubs, Clement's being in Stepney, Laurence's in Islington where he rented a shop, turned it into a games room, lived and cooked for himself upstairs, drilling 40 boys and teaching them rifle-shooting.

Just a number

NEITHER was ravaged by business ambition. After a spell with a City merchant firm Laurence became secretary of a taxicab company ("an amusing job—until the company went bust") then departmental manager in a big Indian rubber firm.

Now retired, he busies himself endlessly with local causes; parish church council, British Legion boy scouts, diocesan finance, hospital comforts, and so on. Whereas Brother Tom was exiled as a conscientious objector, Laurence, like Clement, volunteered for the 1914 war and was quickly commissioned, serving with the RASC in France and Salonika.

But there, I think, the parallel ends. Laurence looks upon the Welfare State which his brother built with a tepid eye.

In his 1934 Vauxhall ("I bought it for £225 in 1940") he

does a good deal of driving for the hospital car service, carrying disabled patients between their homes and treatment centres. This gives him an insight.

"We've got to do our bit for the hospitals," he says. "But they aren't what they were before nationalisation. In the old days the patient was a person. Now he's a number."

"The other day I went into a hospital waiting-room. Out-of-date notices on the walls. Out-of-date dog-eared magazines on the tables. I got the impression nobody cared 'twopence."

"Another thing. When you want to mend matters it's impossible to find out who's responsible. You are referred from committee to committee, official to official...."

Brother Bernard, eldest but one of the brothers and the only Tory among them, would have sympathised.

Bernard died 10 years ago, aged 70. He had been in turn an East End curate, a Gallipoli padre and an Oxford rural dean.

Pacifism made him bristle. "Some war books I read with longing," he said. "They represent the Great War as an unnecessary dog fight." Can this have been a dig at Brother Tom?

After coming out of Wandsworth Gaol, where he served his sentence, Brother Tom wrote a book ostensibly about architecture which mystifyingly described the Great War as an effort by the "old order" in all countries to stave off social break-up and revolution.

On sheepskin

TO Brother Laurence, Bernard left the Atlee family tree, engrossed on sheepskin in his own crabbed hand.

Bernard traced the Atlees back to one Edward at-the-Lea, born in 1133. "Got it from a gravestone somewhere," says Laurence sceptically. "All my eye, if you ask me."

The sheepskin has the Atlee coat-of-arms illuminated upon it—two lions back to back. About this too, Laurence is cheerfully irreverent. He calls the lions cats. "I don't suppose there's any authority for them if you ask the Herald," he chuckles. Which does not prevent his wearing the cats engraved on his signet ring.

A mixed bag, these Atlees. But Laurence and Tom, as well as the late Bernard and the late Robert, do help explain the personality of Brother Clement.

Brother Clement has made much of the proletariat. He has been known to give the clenched fist salute. But he remains snugly middle-class under the skin.

Like his brothers he was sent by father to Haileybury and Oxford. And father was a pugnacious City solicitor with a long white beard who made a good thing out of estate administration in South London at a time when South London was furiously rebuilding itself.

No man can easily discard origins of this kind. Why should he try?

Francis Martin

JOHN GORDON: The Everyday Life of a Girl in Russia

The sixth despatch on Moscow

IF you were an average girl in an office in Russia—or, for that matter, a shop assistant, a taxi-driver, or what we call a skilled manual worker, man or woman—what would you earn?

I could, of course, make a comparison by taking Russian wages and expenditures in roubles, translating the amounts into sterling at the current rate of exchange and setting them against ours. But that would give a fantastic and false picture.

For the Soviet Government insists that the exchange rate of the rouble shall be 1½ to the £. All visitors must accept that rate. But a more accurate valuation would be 60 roubles to the £, which makes the rouble worth about fourpence. Therefore let us make our comparison at that rate.

The office girl gets 700 to 800 roubles a month—slightly more than £13. The shop assistant about the same. The taxi-driver, roughly 100 roubles less. The skilled tradesman, excluding, of course, the piece-setters, slightly more.

But in the bureaucratic class—what they call the administrators—the boys and girls who run everybody's lives for them, seem to rise to 1,500 roubles (£25) a month with fair ease.

That's the class you want to get into in Russia.

Rise—and fall

IF you can mix politics with your job and become the great mind moulder among those with whom you work, there is no limit to the dizzy height to which you may rise. Or, of course, to the depth of the fall, if that should come.

The test of a salary is what it will buy. In some things the Russian girl has an advantage over the British girl.

For example, she does not have to pay an extortionate rent for her apartment. It is fixed—as all rents are fixed in Russia—in proportion to her salary. Not more than five per cent and more likely only three per cent, which would be less than 8s. a month.

I should explain that by British standards it would not be a very satisfactory apartment, but I will say more about that when I come to deal with the housing situation.

Her income tax will not look very heavy to us. The highest tax deduction is 13 per cent of salary, and the ordinary girl would not touch anything like that.

On 'loan'

HER chief trouble is that every year she is expected to make a loan to the Government, proportionate to her salary. It can be a heavy proportion, although last year it was light.

It is, of course, quite voluntary. She need not give anything if she doesn't want to. But she might find life a little difficult if she didn't.

For her salary the office girl works from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., with a break of 45 minutes for a midday meal six days a week—that is the length of a working day and week for everyone. And like everyone else in Russia, our girl will have at least two weeks' paid holiday each year.

If she has behaved herself, she may receive a free train pass for a three days' journey to the delightful holiday resorts of the Caucasus or the Crimea.

In a hostel there, which was probably once the home of a feudal noble, she can have accommodation and food at the rate of 300 to 400 roubles (under £7) a month.

Her food in Moscow through the year will cost her about 450 roubles (£7) a month—quite a shock out of her salary. It also dines out or takes a taxi; she has no tipping problem to worry her.

Cinema? 2s.

FOR a seat in a cinema she will pay one rouble by day and at night up to six roubles (2s.). Which will have to pay a rouble every time she goes into

a public park, which will be very often, but she will not have to pay for a seat when she is there.

Cigarettes cost her half a rouble (2d.) for ten. They are very thin, and have no more than an inch and a half of tobacco. The rest is cardboard holder.

The cheapest theatre seat is six roubles (2s.). Russians are fond of the theatre—a book costs five to 15 roubles (that is 5s. at the dearest), a radio set 300 to 1,000 (£5 to £17), and a television set 1,000 roubles also. The State does its utmost to make television cheap because of the control it gives over viewers' minds.

If she has a telephone in her apartment our girl can have unlimited local calls for 25 roubles (about 8s.) a month.

Safe jobs

SHE has another advantage over British girls. She can't be sacked. Nobody in Russia need be out of work. But the Paradise is apparently not so perfect as Russia's clever propaganda suggests.

For I saw with interest while sitting in the pleasant garden square in front of the Bolshoi Theatre one sunny afternoon, three different beggars approach everyone in the square within half an hour.

And must report that they had quite a prosperous round. Russians are kind-hearted to each other.

Our girl gets a health service, of course, which costs her nothing but for which her employer is specially taxed. It is a good service, by Russian standards, even if these may, at times, seem strange to us.

For example, in the war, when with casualties running high Russia found herself short of doctors to cope with them, young men and women were put through special medical courses to enable them to deal solely with battle wounds.

In less than a year, these trainees were given expert instruction in that narrow field of medicine and drafted to the battlefields.

Our doctors would have told us no doubt that such a system could not work. But it did work. And work most successfully.

Child grants

IF the office girl marries and has children, the State, of course, takes most of the burden of rearing them off her. It provides her with admirable crèches and kindergartens, in which she may leave them while she is at work. And all education is free and good.

Our office girl will not receive any special allowance for her first child, or, as she would in Britain, even for her second. But with the third she will begin to draw a State grant. And if she proceeds to have as many as ten—not at all exceptional in Russia—the tenth will bring her an immediate payment of 2,500 roubles (£42) and 150 roubles (£2 10s.) a month until it is 12 years old.

She may decide to employ a domestic servant. Not so long ago that would have been regarded almost as a crime against Holy Writ. But now, in Moscow and other large towns, domestic servants are easy to get, and very cheap.

But, you may ask, if families have to crush up in two rooms, as most of them do, where does the domestic sleep? Usually in a little cupboard behind a curtain. In Russia nobody bothers much about overcrowding, lack of sanitation, or lack of privacy.

The office girl in Russia does not gossip feminine trivialities like the girls at home, but instead talks economics and world politics in a most terrifying way, spouting opinions about other lands and people so fantastic that they stagger you.

Our girl will meet those with whom she works, regularly on certain evenings to discuss affairs. They go over office business. They praise or criticise each other, and their bosses and the running of the office with quite astonishing freedom. No one is allowed to get out of step. The political leader of each group sees that all minds

are kept indoctrinated at exactly the level the Kremlin wishes them to be at any moment. I would like to have been able to attend one of these meetings. They sound fascinating. They are certainly effective.

From Dickens

ONE well-educated, intelligent young woman told me that the whites in Africa deliberately allowed the blacks to cut each other. When I described the retorted that she knew it was true because she had read it in a Russian book. She was convinced that Dickens' description of Esplanade with its stunts and poverty and child cruelty was a perfect present-day picture. Most Russians think that.

Dickens in fact is poured into them at school because his books are such admirable and powerful propaganda.

Some things about us baffle them completely, being outside the range of their minds. They cannot understand why people go on strike or why they are allowed to strike.

They have been brought up to the idea that people should work hard for their country without bothering about pay or conditions. And they certainly do so themselves.

They are puzzled to understand how there can be an Opposition in Parliament. Or why newspapers should be allowed to express views that are not the Government's views. All their life they have been taught that the Government is above all criticism.

How can you argue with such blankness of mind?

Saved us!

YOU can measure what we have to cope with, in trying to reach a common understanding, from this jolly bit of history which I extracted from a letter in Pravda, Russia's most widely read newspaper.

"In fierce single combat the Soviet people defeated the German Fascist war machine, the armed forces of Imperialism, Japan, defended the freedom of their Motherland, liberated the peoples of Europe and Asia from Fascist tyranny. It doesn't look as if we had been in the war, does it? And, indeed, most Russians do not know that we played an effective part in it at all. In fact they have been taught that they saved us."

Reporters the world over have spontaneously acclaimed it...

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DATO

The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value—not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. Better still, instead of wearing out—as a "staff" does—this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



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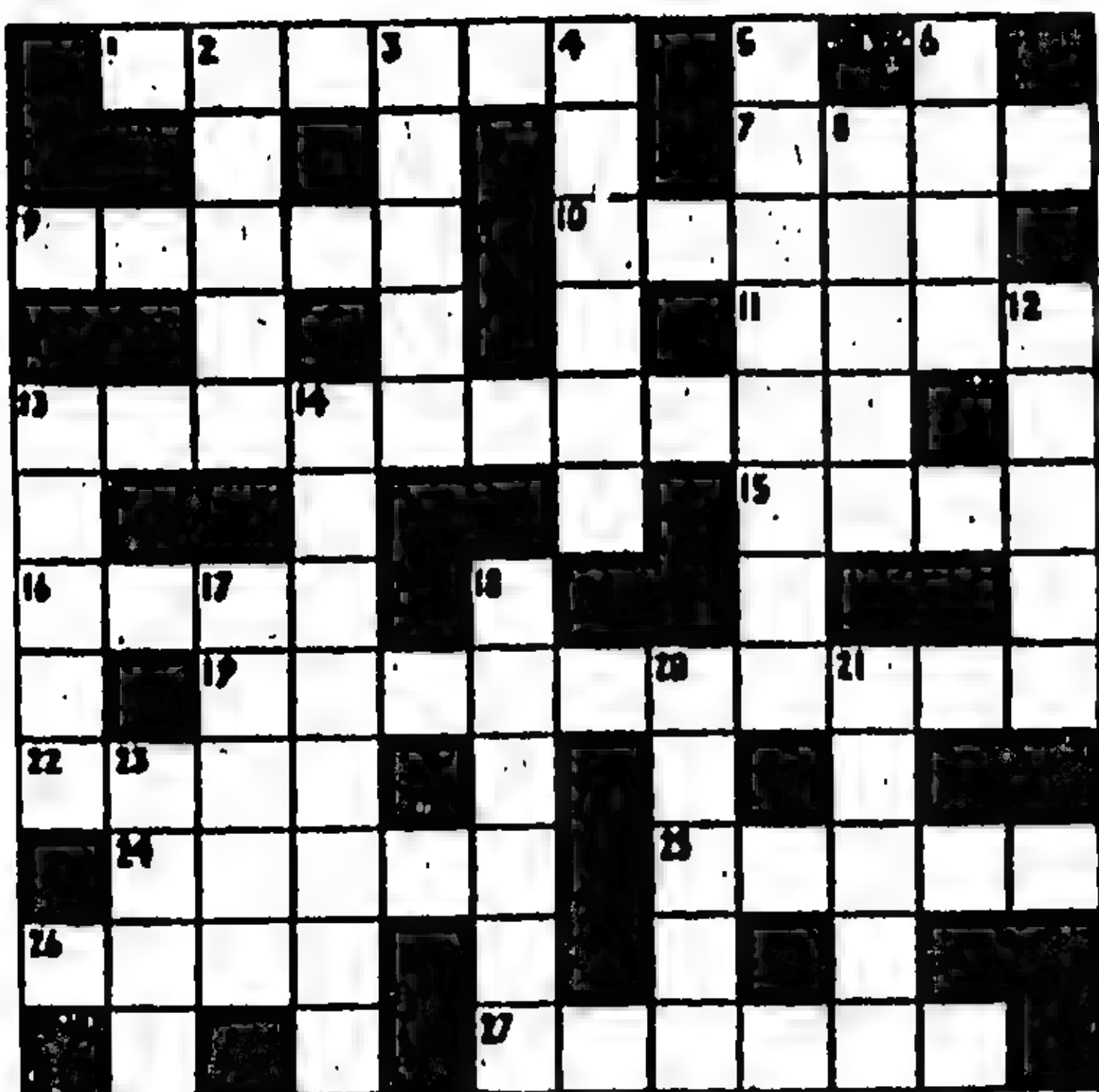


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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Summary (8).
 - Chilled (4).
 - Lisome (5).
 - Relieves (5).
 - Gone by (4).
 - Doing well (10).
 - Period (4).
 - Chrysalis (4).
 - Not bored (10).
 - Filbed (4).
 - Spaced (5).
 - Prepared (5).
 - Row (4).
 - Governing (8).
- DOWN
- Proportion (5).
 - Inexpensive (5).
 - Wine (6).
 - Argument (7).
 - Muddle (4).
 - Stop (5).
 - Shy (5).
 - Scholar (5).
 - Barmer (5).
 - Portion (5).
 - Annoy (6).
 - Enlist (5).
 - Retinue (5).
 - River (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Reduce, 4 Spiced, 7 Guilt, 8 Peril, 10 Sur, 12 Dilated, 15 Sewer, 19 Rose, 17 Eyes, 19 Fever, 21 Resides, 23 Deal, 23 Plant, 24 Bandit, 25 Swede, 26 Torrid. Down: 1 Register, 2 Despicous, 3 Chef, 5 Prepared, 6 Exiles, 9 Fires, 11 Resigned, 12 Defer, 13 Tormentor, 14 Depleted, 18 Yellow, 22 Dado.



— THIS DREAM MEANS —

The tigers are, of course, the rampaging emotions in the depths of your nature which you feel well able to control and tame. Even in strange surroundings away from home you still feel you have your family with you, the moral support of your loved ones gives you strength and confidence in your

ability to discipline your desires: to prove that you twist the panther's neck for him the moment he tries to dominate you. Still, it seems obvious you have some violent emotional problems to grapple with. However, you've got hold of something important, the greatest help to solving one's difficult problems is to realise your own people are on your side.

A PLAQUE MARKS THE SPOT...

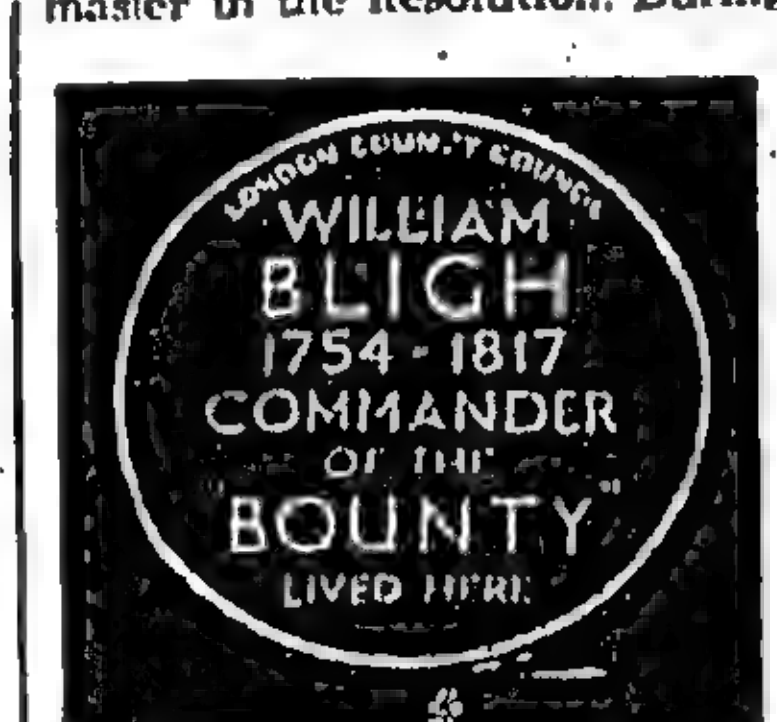
Captain Bligh a villain? No, No, No

RESEARCH by London County Council has disclosed that "Bligh of the Bounty" lived at No. 100, Lambeth Road, Lambeth. The fact is recorded in a plaque of blue and white.

The Council, notifying the erection of the plaque, condemn the popular impression, "fostered by film and cartoon" that Bligh was one of the bad men of history. Indeed his consideration for his crew was greater than was common at the time.

The mutiny in the Bounty may have been due not to spite against Bligh, but because the luxurious climate and easy life on Otaheite (Tahiti) made the men resentful of the rigours of naval life.

Bligh, a native of Plymouth, accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage round the world as sailing-master in the Resolution. During



Here is the plaque

this voyage bread-fruit was discovered at Tahiti. In August 1781, he fought at the Doggerbank battle. He was appointed to the 280-ton Bounty. In December 1787, arriving at Tahiti 10 months later.

Object of the voyage was to collect bread-fruit plants for their introduction into the West Indies. In April 1789, Fletcher Christian led a mutiny, and Bligh and his 18 companions were put aboard an open boat, provisioned but without a chart. They sailed for three months, covering 3,600 miles, eventually reaching Java. The mutineers settled on Pitcairn Island with some of the women from Tahiti.

Returning to England, Bligh was promoted to commander, and then post-captain. A voyage to the Society Islands gained him the Gold Medal of the Society of Arts.

In 1794 he was captain of the Warrior off Ushant and in 1797 he commanded the Director at Camperdown. He also distinguished himself at the mutiny of the Nore.

After several other commands he was appointed Governor of New South Wales, where his harsh authority was resented. He was forcibly deposed by Major George Johnston of the 102nd Foot, and imprisoned until March 1810.

Johnson was tried for this and cashiered. Bligh was released, returned to England, was given his flag as rear-admiral of the Blue, and subsequently as admiral of the Blue, in 1814. Up to this time he had lived at 100, Lambeth Road, but on his retirement he resided at the Manor House, Farmington, Kent. He died on December 7, 1817, in Bond Street, London, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary, Lambeth, where an inscription on his tomb records that he died "beloved, respected and lamented."

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

PATRIOTIC BRITISHERS at when he arrived from

Britannia Camp, Elizabethville suffering from liver fluke, the tropical killer-disease which attacks the liver and causes internal haemorrhage.

But South African doctors began a series of transfusions in which Claudy was given 23 pints of blood. Eventually he rallied and last week he called at the local blood transfusion service offices to say "thanks."

QUIT Pilgrims homeward bound from Islam's Holy city, Mecca, told questioners that 1953 had been "a mild year" for El Hajj, the mass pilgrimage by world Moslems. Only 600 pilgrims had died from heat, they confided.

BEWITCHED Two witch doctors were whisked off to prison in Livingston, Northern Rhodesia, last week and their costumes and kits donated to the Rhodes-Livingstone Museum.

DELICATE On the Royal Air Force air station at Nicosia, (Cyprus), a delicate question of protocol — very delicate.

Forewarned that Queen Zeine of Jordan, mother of King Hussein, would be stopping en route to Turkey, RAF men turned over all the facilities of their mess to the visiting royalty.

While the Jordan Air Force plane refuelled the Queen was entertained in the mess. The visit over, deferential young officers bowed her out respectfully saluted their farewells.

Later in the mess "you-know-what" an orderly discovered a large, regal diamond ring. Red-cared officers wondered how to return it without indelicately disclosing where it had been found.

The problem was solved for them by a very plebeian signal from the airborne Royal aircraft: "Queen's ring missing. Probably left in RAF toilet. Please hunt."

Relieved RAF men radioed back: "Ring safe in RAF custody."

CHANGED Bright-eyed, three-year-old Claudy

Lanny will leave Capetown for his Belgian Congo home a different boy from when he arrived — a very different boy. In a series of operations doctors have changed the entire blood content of his body ten times in four months. Two of the transfusions were in the same week. No one really thought Claudy had much of a chance

EMIGRATION, Malta's three-

man emigration team set off last week to have a look at Brazil.

This week, they were back again. They missed the boat in London.

SMART Violence in Ceylon used to have a characteristic oriental air about it. It came with the sudden, vicious flash of a knife or the mercurial swiftness of club-crack on the skull.

But crimes have changed. Ceylonese villains have affected a Hollywood suave and they plan with the cunning of a Raymond Chandler character.

And no wonder, says police chief Sir Richard Aluvihare. Ceylon's mushrooming movie houses have been flooded with gangster pictures — 95 percent from Hollywood.

And the Ceylonese lap it up — perhaps without noting the last seconds of the final reel when the good guy triumphs.

THE RAGMAN Wages are only RANG ONCE

sunshine Barcelona. But one peseta-loving caballero gloated over the 5,000 dollars he had managed to save in his 25 years.

Vacation bound, he worried about where he could catch his

hoard until he returned. Where was the last place a thief would look. The dustbin, of course. And so, smiling smugly at his own ingenuity, he locked up the case and left.

Home again he made straight for this dustbin, scrambled frantically through the rubbish, found — nothing. He dashed into the house to be told by his smiling senora, home earlier than expected from visiting relatives, that she had given the dustbin contents to the local ragman.

The senor and the senora are still looking for that ragman.

FOR AN EX-DRUNK, BEATIFICATION

Dublin docks when he was 12 years old. He went on drinking well into his prime. Occasionally, for a diversion, he gambled. But one Saturday night he went, roaring drunk, to borrow money from his friends. They turned him down.

Saddened, he went to church next day and promised the priest he would reform. He did.

He became a well-paid cleric, spent his time on theology and his money on charity.

In 1925, when he was 60, he collapsed and died on the street. The police found heavy chains tied around his body.

The Vatican has just announced that the case for his beatification is nearing completion.

AN AUSTRIAN TAUGHT THE DALAI LHAMA SKI-ING

By JAMES TAYLOR

SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET. By Heinrich Harrer, 16s (Hart-Davis)

THE heavy veil that has hung for so long over Tibet is drawn aside for us in a book of exceptional interest that will rank in stature with the account of Kon-Tiki.

No European has ever before been in as excellent a position as that enjoyed by the author. He has given us a complete and unbiased record of the life and the people, having lived in the very heart of the Tibetan King-

dom — in the Potala Palace, and the summer residence of the Dalai Llama himself. He can tell us that his book will "create a new understanding for a people whose will to live in peace and freedom has won a little sympathy from an indifferent world."

A keen climber and explorer, Harrer and his friend Peter Aufschnaiter were caught by the outbreak of war on a reconnaissance in the Himalayas and interned at Dehra-Dun. They made a break and found their way through the mountains to Tibet. Although the Tibetan authorities did everything to make them go back across the frontier they were treated with perfect

courtesy and good humour. Determined not to go back, they homesteaded their way into the interior. Far from upsetting the officials whom they met later in Lhasa, they found that everybody treated the affair as a huge joke. Nevertheless their journey to the holy city was exceedingly perilous. They were as ill-equipped to face the weather as they were to deal with robbers from whom they had many narrow escapes.

Interesting as the journey was, it is the sidelights on the personalities of the people, and the descriptions of curious customs, that make the book outstanding; but, most remarkable are the eye-witness accounts that Harrer has been able to give of intimate religious ceremonies that have been closely guarded secrets of all time.

LAUGHTER-LOVING

The Tibetans are likable, laughter-loving people, superstitious but surprisingly tolerant of the beliefs and behaviour of other people. Governed feudally by a dual system of religious and secular aristocracy, there seems to be a complete lack of intrigue or jealousy. Officials laugh heartily at themselves, at their colleagues and even at their religious customs.

Matters of state are frequently settled by reference to the oracle — a priest with powers similar to those of a spiritualist medium. While in a trance some of these mediums perform gyrations and physical feats like bending a sword into a spiral. Such spectacles are frequently gazed at the annual drama week held in the summer palace of the Dalai Llama.

The two Austrian prisoners of war quickly fitted into the social life of the city, undertaking projects from dam-building to painting religious statues with gold; from arranging a generating plant to drawing maps of the city. Some people showed a lively interest in the outside world and gladly sent their children along to be educated.

Harrer and Aufschnaiter introduced tennis to the city, found that football was forbidden, and enjoyed the traditional Tibetan sports like trick horse-riding. An unerring experience was the race of elderly horses that burst into the town. It was the business of the spectators to see that the right horse (belonging to the Dalai Llama) should win.

DIFFICULT PATH

The present Dalai Llama is a boy of eighteen. He is believed by the people to be the incarnation of Buddha and was discovered at the age of two, a few years after the death of his predecessor. From his earliest years he has worn the power with which he has been invested with great dignity. He has assurance, is intelligent and may be progressive. In Asia, however, the progressive ruler often finds his path extremely difficult. The author became a close friend and tutor of the Dalai Llama and introduced him to the art of ski-ing.

From the very highest and also from the very humblest points of vantage Heinrich Harrer writes a story that nobody else could write about a country that not many years ago was a tiny handful of Europeans have ever been able to visit. It has been selected as the Book Society Choice.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Happy Holiday - Ha

BY HARRY WEINERT



"WHERE ARE WE GOING TO THE SOUTH POLE?"

AFTER A MAN TOSSES TOGETHER A PAIR OF OLD SLACKS, TOBACCO AND A FEW FISH HOOKS, HE IS ALL SET.



A LIST A MILE LONG OF THINGS YOU'D BETTER DO WHILE SHE'S AWAY — NOT TO MENTION SOME YOU'D BETTER NOT DO.



"POP, WHERE IS MY HARMONICA?"



IF YOUR HUSBAND SPLASHES LIKE A WALRUS IN THE TUB AT HOME — BE PREPARED FOR THE 'QUAINT' PLACES YOU WILL FIND ON THE ROAD.



GOSH — ALL I MEANT WAS YOU MIGHT LIKE A CHANGE FROM MY COMPANY!



"DANCING, TENNIS, SWIMMING, RIDING, ETC. ETC."

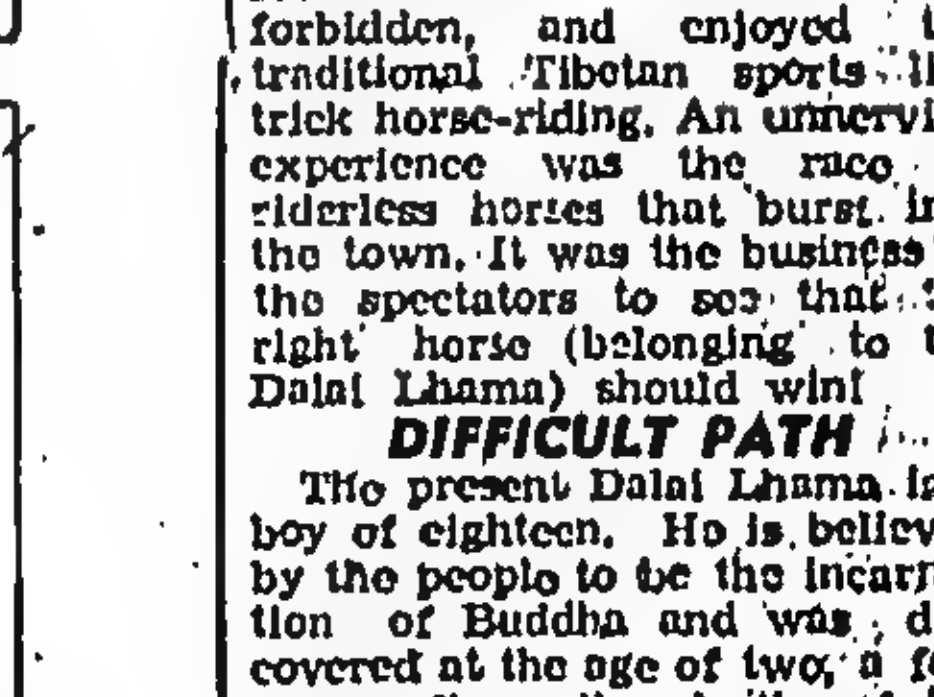


DO THEY HAVE A HAMMOCK?"

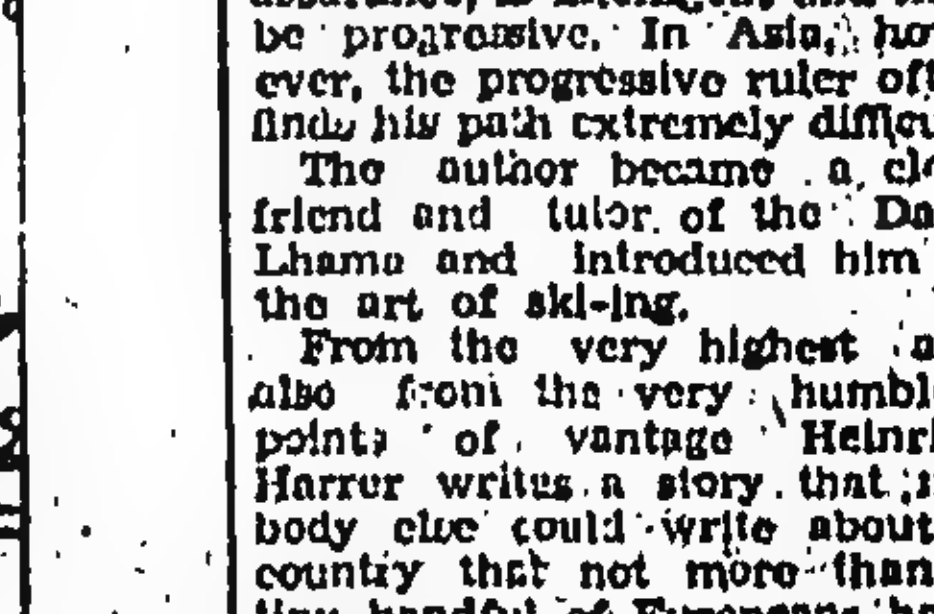


WHAT DID YOU SAY THE NAME OF THE PLACE IS?"

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"FUKIEN"	Yokohama, Nagoya, 8 a.m. 15th Sept.
"SHENGKING"	Osaka & Kobe 8 p.m. 16th Sept.
"YOKIOW"	Shanghai 10 a.m. 19th Sept.
"HUNAN"	Tientsin 10 a.m. 22nd Sept.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung 5 p.m. 23rd Sept.
"PETER REED"	Sibu & Tandjong Mani 8 a.m. 24th Sept.
"FUKIEN"	Bangkok 8 a.m. 26th Sept.
"HANYANG"	Djakarta, Semarang, 10 a.m. 26th Sept.
"SZECHUEN"	Sourabaya & Macassar, Singapore, Penang & Belawan 10 a.m. 3rd Oct.

* Sails from Custodian Wharf

ARRIVALS FROM	
"FUKIEN"	Singapore & Tandjong Mani 8 a.m. 13th Sept.
"YOKIOW"	Shanghai 13/14th Sept.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung 7 a.m. 14th Sept.
"POYANG"	Bangkok 14th Sept.
"HUNAN"	Tientsin 17th Sept.
"PETER REED"	Sibu & Tandjong Mani 21st Sept.
"FUKIEN"	Kobe 23rd Sept.
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"SHANGHAI"	Samara, Rabaul, Kavieng, Madang & Lae 19th Oct.

ARRIVALS FROM	
"CHANGTE"	Yokohama 23rd Sept.
"CHANGSHA"	Australia & Manila 27th Sept.

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"AENEAS"	Genoa, London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg 14th Sept.
"ASTYANAX"	Liverpool & Dublin 19th Sept.
"FYRRHUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow 23rd Sept.
"ASCANIUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow 5th Oct.

Scheduled Sailings from Europe

Sails	
G. "FYRRHUS"	Liverpool Rotterdam Hong Kong 13th Sept.
S. "ASCANIUS"	do do 21st Sept.
G. "ADAPENOR"	do do 27th Sept.
S. "CALCHAS"	do do 8th Oct.
G. "ATEUS"	do do 14th Oct.
S. "ATREUS"	18th Sept. 23rd Oct.
G. "BELLEROPHON"	24th Sept. 29th Oct.
S. "MENTON"	3rd Oct. 7th Nov.

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"DONA NATI"	do 2nd Oct.
"BENARES"	25th Sept. 17th Oct.
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



Test Your Memory

So you think you have a good memory. Prove it. Study the above picture for exactly one minute. Then cover the picture and see how many of these questions you can answer.

1. How many boys were at the picnic?
2. How many girls?
3. Were any adults present?
4. Where was the picnic held?
5. What game did the boys play?
6. How did the group get to the picnic?
7. How many boys wore caps?
8. Did everyone wear shoes?
9. Did they sit on a bench to eat?
10. Did everyone bring their own basket lunch?

Look at the picture to check your answers. Count 10 points for each question. A score of 100-90 means you have an excellent memory; 80-70, above average; 70-60, average; 50 and below means you can improve.

COLONY'S LAST STAMP SHOWS ITS DISCOVERY

When a country stops issuing stamps you should make sure of getting some before it becomes too difficult.

Take Newfoundland, which merged with Canada in 1949 and now uses Canadian stamps. Some of Newfoundland's own issues were among the most exciting on that side of the world. And not least was the last one, illustrated here.

It shows the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. This citizen of Venice sailed from Bristol, took 52 days to



cross the Atlantic and claimed the country as a colony for Britain in 1497. King Henry VII was so grateful he rewarded Cabot with £19. The stamp costs 8d. mint and is perforated 12½. —J.A.A.

Knarf Tries to Take a Nap

—But the Things That Happen to Disturb Him—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, was dozing under the shade of a daisy when he felt himself being roughly shaken by someone. He opened his eyes and saw that it was Squire Squirrel.

"I beg your pardon," said Squire Squirrel, "would you mind getting up for a moment?"

"I was taking a nap," said Knarf, frowning. "Why do I have to get up?"

Quickly Knarf dragged himself to his feet and stood to one side while Squire Squirrel dug into the earth. All at once Squire Squirrel peered down into the hole with one eye and instantly started filling the hole up again.

"What's the matter?" Knarf asked.

"Too late," said Squire. "It's started sprouting. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

Then he scampered off. Knarf sat down again over the same spot. But hardly had he shut his eyes when he felt somebody poking him in the ribs.

"Move aside, please—move aside," said a voice. Knarf looked quickly around. Mr. Early Worm was sticking his head out of the ground. It was he who had poked Knarf in the ribs.

Right Through Kitchen

"What's the idea of digging a hole in my roof?" Mr. Early Worm said angrily to Knarf.

"You came right through my kitchen,"

"I didn't do it," said Knarf. "I'm only trying to take a nap. Squire Squirrel was looking for an acorn that he buried here last winter. But the acorn, is sprouting and is going to grow into a tree."

A great deal of trouble over nothing, Mr. Early Worm muttered as he buried his head back and squirmed down to his hole.



"You came right through my kitchen," Mr. Worm said angrily.

"Only it's my roof that's broken."

Seeing that the worm had by this time completely disappeared, Knarf lay down once more to finish his nap. But he was disturbed again by a loud fluttering noise, sounding louder than the roar of an aeroplane. It was Robin the Red, a very tough old bird.

"Get up—get up—get up!" the robin shouted, circling around Knarf's head.

Knarf sprang up in alarm.

Robin Zoomed Down

"Where's that worm?" Robin the Red demanded, as he zoomed down and started pecking away at the ground.

"He went away," said Knarf. "You're sure?" said Robin the Red. "I'm as hungry as a wolf. You haven't got him in your pocket, have you?"

Knarf walked slowly and sleepily away. It had seemed like such a pleasant idea to take a doze out in the field under the shade of a daisy. And it had seemed like such a quiet, restful spot for a quiet, restful and very pleasant nap.

Knarf shook his head sadly as he walked along. "You never can tell about these things," he sighed to himself. "I never thought anyone would come looking for an acorn that grew into a tree, and for a worm whose roof got broken, and for a robin who was as hungry as a wolf."

Knarf finished his doze in his own room on a bed.

HOW IT BEGAN:

Coins Replaced Cattle

By LEE PRIESTLEY

Theron, son of Milesius, plodded in the dust behind the herd of cattle and felt sorry for himself. This was what it meant to be the son of a rich man in the Seventh Century B. C. in Asia Minor.

In that far-off time riches meant cattle, so the son of a rich man was little more than a herdsman. Theron wiped his dusty face and popped the whip he carried to keep the cattle moving down the road to his father's barns. If there were only some way to keep from moving cattle all the time.

Theron spoke aloud, for there were none to listen save the slow-moving animals. "When I own a man and inherit my father's herds, I shall think of some way to keep from eating the dust of the roadway all the time. I shall invent some way

to buy and sell and exchange without moving herds." As he walked along he kept thinking about some means of moving wealth. What could take the place of cattle? It should be small, durable, long-lasting. Theron looked at the copper bracelet he wore on his forearm. There was nothing more durable than metal.

He took the copper bracelet to a stone at the edge of the road and hammered and bent it until he had four rough squares. Upon the polished surface of the squares he scratched a rude figure of a cow, using a rough edge as a tool. He looked at the squares a long time.

Several days later an angry farmer demanded to see the rich man Milesius. He stalked into the room and cast a handful of small rattling objects on the table before him. "Is it thus that you would cheat me, Milesius?" the farmer roared. "I brought you eight small cows and should get in exchange four large animals as equal value. And what does your son Theron give me? Four scraps of useless metal that he says you will redeem for cattle whenever I wish to have them."

Milesius turned the metal scraps over in his fingers. The angry frown gave way to a thoughtful look and then a smile. "When do you wish to have the four cattle, friend?" he asked. "Now, when there is no good green feed for them? Or in the spring when the grass springs up?"

"I would wish not to feed the cattle all winter," he said, "but how can I do otherwise?"

"By taking these metal pieces now for the value of your cattle. When you return them to me in the spring I will give you the cattle they represent," Milesius explained.

Theron's idea caught on and the new coins became popular with buyer and seller alike. Because the Latin word for cattle was *pecunia*, men soon called the coins that stood for the value of a cow a penny.

Soon the coins were made uniformly in size and more carefully finished. They were stamped on both sides with their value, and the mark of the king or city that issued them. New coins were made of harder alloys, then of precious metals, so that their value was real.

Because a rich man's son hated to plod in the dust behind a herd of cattle, money, one of the great tools of civilisation, was invented.

She FUNNY MAN



START HERE... AND CONNECT DOTS CONSECUTIVELY—(DOTS WITH EVEN NUMBERS ARE LEFT UNNUMBERED)

DOT PUZZLE — Today's dot puzzle is a little more difficult than usual. The even numbers (2, 4, 6 and so on) have not been numbered, so count to yourself as you start connecting the dots.

Rupert and Ozzie—1



"The summer is well under way," thinks Rupert one morning. "I've not had any pocket yet. I'm time started. Among his treasures he finds a ball and three stamps and he asks his mother if he can go and see if his pet, Bill, has a ball. All rights reserved."

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"CORFU"	17th September	10th October
"CHUSAN"	2nd October	31st October
"CANTON"	15th October	10th November

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CARTHAGE"	25th September	30th October
"CORFU"	23rd October	23rd November
"CHUSAN"	4th November	1st December
"CANTON"	20th November	1st December

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FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	For
"SINGAPORE"	10th September	Japan
Homewards	Sails	For
"SOUDAN"	25th September	Singapore, Penang, Port Swettenham, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg.

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P. & O.B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"OBRA"	In Port	from Karachi, Bombay, Colombo & Singapore
	sails 12th Sept.	for Japan
"OKHLA"	due 13th Sept.	from Japan
	sails 14th Sept.	for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Kuwait, Khorramshahr, Basrah & other Gulf Ports via Bombay
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"UMARFA"	sails 20th Sept.	for S'pore, Penang, Madras, Colombo, Bombay & Karachi

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JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Alf Stays Behind

ALFRED went to the station to see off his wife and their three-year-old child, and tried to quiet her fears for him, as they talked by the side of the Irish boat-train.

"Are you quite sure you'll be all right, dear?" she said to him anxiously for the twentieth time. "Do give yourself decent hot meals, and remember what I told you about turning off the gas stove before you go to work in the mornings."

"Don't worry, I'll be fine," Alfred said. He was being left to fend for himself while his wife took herself and the child to her parents' home in Ireland for a holiday. "I'd not like anything awful to happen to you while I'm away," she said.

"Nothing's going to happen to me," Alfred said, "now you stop worrying, and enjoy yourself, and give my love to the old people."

THE CALLER

THE train pulled out, and Alfred went home to the strangely quiet house. That evening Alfred had a visitor, a man who said: "You'll let me have that £40 you owe me, won't you, Alfred. I want the money this week, or I might have to make things rather awkward for you."

"But I... I can't possibly," Alfred began. The man who had lent him £40 was not his only creditor. He was being pressed all round.

"I've nothing more to say," the man said. "I'll have the money this week, or else..."

He went.

Alfred worked as a wages clerk in a London firm, and it was part of his duty each week to draw sums ranging from £1,000 to £1,500 from the bank and all the company's pay-packets with the money.

The week his wife went away and the man with the £40 demand-note called, Alfred went to the bank as usual, filled the pay packets (including his own, marked £7 10s.) and as usual set aside a sum to be spent later on insurance stamps. This week that sum was £40 15s. 10d. Instead of putting it into his pocket, Alfred put it in his bag. That evening, he used it to pay off the £40.

He still had £8 15s. 10d. of the firm's money, and his own pay. He packed a suitcase, bought himself a railway ticket, and headed for the West Country. There he got himself a job that paid him a bigger wage than his old one had, and settled down to a bachelor, boarding-house existence.

ALFRED RETURNS

ALL that happened last spring, Alfred said, was a matter of £40. Nothing more was heard of him until the other day, when the police in the western city where he lived chanced upon him in the course of making inquiries about quite another matter.

He was recognised; London was told; and Alfred was brought back to his own home town under escort. Next morning, at Great Marlborough Street, he pleaded guilty before Mr Paul Bennett, VC, to stealing the £40.

The story was told, and Alfred, a pale, intelligent-looking, delicate man of 32, listened glumly from the dock. "There is one previous conviction," said the police, "that was in 1941..."

"Dishevelled?" the magistrate inquired.

"Yes sir, a matter of £1. Otherwise he has been in regular work, and the job he got in the West paid very good money."

"Did he send money to his wife from there?" Mr Bennett asked.

"Not a penny, sir."

"It sounds pretty brutal treatment," Mr Bennett said, and turned to ask Alfred what he wished to say.

"I didn't know what to do when they came on me for this money," he said. "When I realised what a great wrong I'd done, I went away."

"Go to prison for four months," said the magistrate. They led Alfred away. I wondered what his wife and child would do. Go to Ireland, perhaps for another, longer, holiday, accompanied this time by a worse set of worries.

AUSTRALIANS WIN LAST GAME BY TWO WKTS WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE

Scarborough, Sept. 11. A memorable display of hitting by Ritchie Benaud, 22-year-old Sydney newspaper clerk, led the way to the Australians' exciting victory against the clock in their final first-class match of the tour against Tom Pearce's XI today.

Set to make 320 in three hours 40 minutes the Australians won by two wickets with only seconds to spare.

Zarubin Called To State Dept

Washington, Sept. 11. The Russian Ambassador, M. Georgi Zarubin, was summoned to the State Department today to meet the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Walter Bedell Smith, presumably to talk over Russia's wartime lend-lease debt to the United States.

M. Zarubin's appointment with Mr. Smith, who is a former United States Ambassador to Russia, was set for 8 p.m. GMT.

Russia has steadfastly refused to settle its lend-lease obligations on terms acceptable to the United States Government, Reuters.

Pertinent Comment By Bank Official

Washington, Sept. 11. Sir Jeremy Raisman, Deputy Governor of Lloyds Bank of London, said today that some countries looked with suspicion on any foreigners whose investments might develop their backward economies.

At an informal meeting of the International Bank, which is holding its annual meeting, he said some countries which professed to welcome foreign investors, did not provide the necessary incentives and did not grant prompt and adequate compensation where industries were nationalised.

The private foreign investor, like any other human being, would go only where he was wanted, and reasonably well treated, and allowed to make a profit, he said.

The foreign investor's profit was a mark of successful enterprise and one of the factors which brought the modern world to its present level of development.

Sir Jeremy Raisman said that some obstacles to the flow of private capital—such as the world political situation and the fear of war—were beyond the control of the under-developed areas, but in several countries they were not the only barriers.

Internal political instability often threatened to upset governments and expropriation of industries appeared to be directed against foreigners.

"If the investor feels he is not welcome he will not invest his capital, especially if there are other investments available at home, as there usually are."

Sir Jeremy added: "How much worse will normal relations appear to the prospective investor if he has a feeling that... he is an object of suspicion, if not hostility?"

Another difficulty often facing an investor in an under-developed country was the absence of a sound credit system.

"This depends, of course, in large part on the state of development of the country concerned, but whatever that state is, the availability of local capital can clearly be a strong incentive to a foreign investor—just as its absence can be a deterrent," Reuters.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Withholding Of Information

Sir—Having read "Comment of the Day" yesterday I consider you are overstepping your responsibility to your readers in criticising the withholding of information by the Naval authorities here.

Personally, I have enough trust in our Navy and its Senior officers here, to believe that they know best what incidents might threaten our security, and that if they found it necessary to place the responsibility of releasing information with the Admiralty, they have very good reasons.

What member of the public could truthfully say, that it is of vital importance for him to know exactly how or where the naval launch was hit, yet fail to admit that this information might be of dangerous and vital interest to Communist authorities?

"Curiously killed the cat!"

R. RICHARDS.

[Nevertheless, how—and where the naval launch was hit was released for publication by the Admiralty after the details had been sent to London by the local Naval authorities. Clearly, therefore, security was not involved, and no good reason existed why the Hongkong Press were not given the details as soon as they were available.—Editor, China Mail.]

Time And Man At Hand In West Germany

London, Sept. 11. The Economist, leading British independent weekly, said today in a comment on Dr Adenauer's victory in the German elections that the time and the man were at hand for forming a Germany that will not prove a menace to the world again.

It went on: "But the present constellation will never recur. If Western Germany's prosperity were to turn into a slump the extremists would have their chance again. If the European Army does not take practical shape, Germany may secure a national army with the aid of America and so fall under the influence of the old-time militarists."

"And if the goal of political and economic federation does not offer the younger Germans an ideal and an opportunity for working off their dynamic energies, the drive to secure Germany's lost lands in the East will grow dangerously."

The Economist said Dr Adenauer's victory, by providing great opportunities for achieving the collaboration to which Western Europe aspired when Western Germany was weak and in turmoil.—Reuters.

Boys And Girls Solution

ANIMAL—Butter, egg, honey, panopolin, sweetbread, gnu, civet, gold, alpaca, peacock, VEEZ, CABBAGE—Starch, scarlet, VEEZ, cinnamon, agaric, molasses, burp, pimento, bean, avocado, MINERAL—Salt, cobalt, soda, lime, helium, jet, lava, aquamarine, carbon, nylon.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It seems ages, Marie—Truman was President when I got my last permanent!"

Sih Su-chu Given Fright By Young Japanese Player

Tokyo, Sept. 11. Defending champion Sih Su-chu of Hongkong had the scare of his life tonight when a young Japanese office worker almost eliminated him in the opening singles of the Second Asian Table Tennis Championship.

The Asian champion from Hongkong defeated Kasumasa Higawara of Okayama Prefecture in five sets, the score being 21-15, 19-21, 22-20, 22-24 and 21-15.

The Japanese took an early lead in the final set but his smashing play became erratic and Sih finally triumphed.

Sih was forced to such an extent that he could not even remember the score of the first set after the match.

"I don't know, I'm sorry," he said, when asked.

An enthusiastic crowd of more than 5,000 cheered repeatedly as Sih and Higawara battled all the way through the five sets.

In the women's section, two girls from Formosa survived the second round play in the women's singles.

Yao Chu defeated Fukie Agashi of Japan 3-1, the score being 22-20, 21-15, 18-21 and 21-17.

HK GIRL LOSES

Yao Lee-llen of Formosa staged an upset win over Shizuyo Nishihara of Japan 3-2, the score being 21-13, 21-13, 17-21, 19-21 and 21-15.

In other matches in the second round of the women's singles, Chiyoko Yamamoto of Japan defeated Baguio Wong of Hongkong 3-0, the score being 21-17, 22-20 and 21-17.

Fukiko Sato of Japan defeated Chan Yee-ching of Hongkong 3-0, the score being 21-15, 21-10 and 21-13.

Kiko Watanabe of Japan defeated Yuo Lee-llen of Formosa 3-1, the score being 21-18, 21-11, 11-21 and 21-8.—United Press.

United States Lead 2-0

Montreal, Sept. 11. The United States won the two opening matches of their North American Zone Davis Cup title final against Canada today.

Tony Trabert, American champion, defeated Henri Rochon, of Montreal, by 6-2, 6-3, 8-6.

Vic Selzas gave the United States a 2-0 lead, when he beat Lorne Main, of Toronto, 6-1, 6-1, 6-4 in the second singles match.—Reuters.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

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Special Announcements and Classified Advertisements as usual.

H. K. S. P. C.

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MANUFACTURERS' REPRESENTATIVE Agent for AUSTIN CARS

China Mail Distributor

33 RUA V. P. ARCOS

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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

CONSIGNEES PER BARBER-WILHELMSEN LINE

m.v. "TAIWAN"

are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co's godown where it will be at consignees risk and subject to the Wharf's terms, and condition of storage, and where delivery may be obtained.

Damaged packages are to be left in the godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on the 11th September, 1953.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the steamer's godown, and all goods remaining undelivered after the 11th September, 1953, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must be presented to the Underwriter on or before the 11th September, 1953, or they will not be recognized.

No Fire Insurance will be effected.

DODWELL & COMPANY, LTD. Agents

Hongkong, 8th September, 1953.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

CONSIGNEES PER NIPPON Yusen Kaisha

m.v. "No. 5 MANTETSU MARU"

are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co's godown where it will be at consignees risk and subject to the Wharf's terms, and condition of storage, and where delivery may be obtained.

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DODWELL & COMPANY, LTD. Agents

Hongkong, 10th September, 1953.

LANDING RIGHTS FOR KLM

Colombo, Sept. 11. A Netherlands civil airways delegation today reached agreement with the Government of Ceylon enabling KLM (Dutch) Airways to operate between Amsterdam and the Far East via Colombo.

KLM will begin to operate on the new route from April 1st next after formal ratification of the agreement by the two governments concerned.—Reuters.

'What's His Line?' Solution

ORGAN TUNER

London Express Service.

CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOON)

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News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary. Telephone: 2411 (4 Lines).

KOWLOON OFFICE: 2nd Floor, 240, Telephone: 5238.

Classified Advertisements

20 WORDS \$4.00 for 1 DAY PREPAID

ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS \$1.50 PER DAY

10 cents PER WORD OVER 20

Births, Deaths, Marriages, Personal \$5.00 per insertion not exceeding 25 words, 25 cents each additional word.

ALTERNATE INSERTIONS 10% EXTRA

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FOR SALE

CHIVALRY ANTIQUE SCRIPT. An attractive quantity of distinction in boxes containing 25 single sheets and 25 envelopes, or 70 single sheets and 70 envelopes, or 100 single sheets and 100 envelopes. Each set also available boxed separately. On sale at "S. C. M. Post."

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